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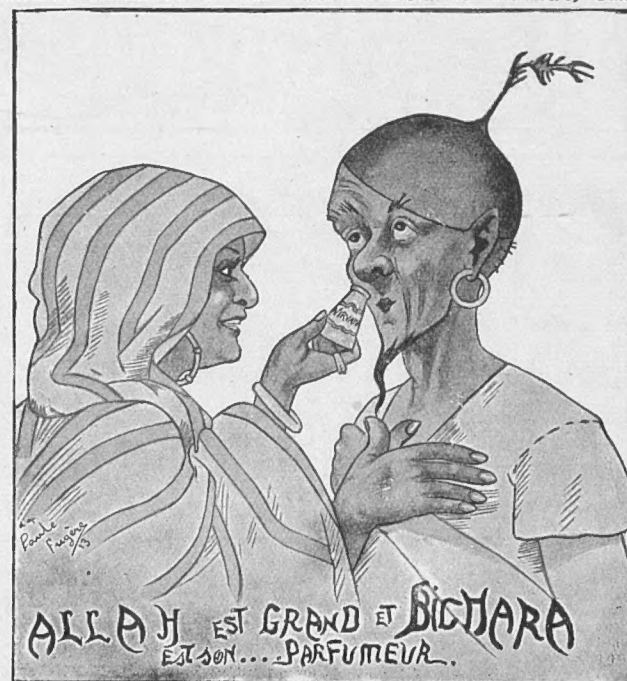
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THE SKETCH



No. 1464. — Vol. CXIII.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



THE UGLY SISTER.

FROM THE ETCHING BY ICART.

Louis Icart



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

The Sunday Theatre Wrangle.

I am happy to inform you, friend the reader, that I have hit upon an admirable idea for putting a stop to the most unseemly wrangle over the Sunday Theatre. And the reason why I have been able to hit upon this solution, which has eluded brains of tremendous magnitude, is simply because I do not live in London.

Nobody ever understands the place he lives in, being unable to see it in perspective. When I lived in Warwickshire I knew nothing about Warwickshire. From the day that I took up my residence at Charing Cross, I began to understand Warwickshire and to write about it. But I knew nothing about London, although for twelve years I lived at the heart of it, and explored it and ransacked it from East to West, and from North to South. I now live in Hove, which deprives me, unhappily, of a real understanding of Hove, but places London in its true light.

The advocates of Sunday Theatres say that the London Sunday is dull, that dullness leads to wickedness, and that the people who are employed in theatres could have their night off on Monday. The opponents say that Sunday Theatres would mean a seven-day week, and would keep people out of the churches, and would eventually lead to what is known as the "Continental Sunday"—just as dull a Sunday, by the way, as the London Sunday.

The Great Solution.

The "Continental Sunday," I repeat—mainly because it is too important a point to make at the end of a paragraph—is just as dull as the London Sunday. And why? Because all the shops are shut, all the offices are shut, and business generally is at a standstill.

The only way to brighten the London Sunday is to turn it into a weekday. (No. Be patient. I am not asking for a seven-day week.) Open all the theatres and all the music-halls, and all the picture-houses, and all the shops and all the offices. In fact, make Sunday exactly like our present Monday.

"When, then," you cry, "should we rest?" Ah, that is where the novelty of the notion comes in. You would rest on Monday. Monday would take the place of the present Sunday. The advocates of Sunday Theatres already agree that the theatres should be closed on Monday to make up for the Sunday. But that, in itself, would never do. You must go the whole hog or leave things as they are at present. If Monday thus became too dull, you could open everything on Monday and shut them all on Tuesday. And carry on in the same way, from time to time, with Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, or Saturday.

By degrees, you see, we should work round again to Sunday, and perhaps we should find that Sunday, after all, was the best of the seven days for being dull on.

Passing of the "British Workman."

The "British Workman," the most famous personality in the whole of Oxford University, will trouble the Oxford Union no more. He was only seventy, it seems, but he always looked seventy, even at forty or thereabouts, when I first had the honour and excitement of beholding him in the flesh. In a society of eccentrics, he achieved the distinction of being the most eccentric and individual. His trousers would alone have made a lesser man famous. I often wondered where he got them. No self-respecting tailor would have made them, so I suppose he made them himself. They were very short in the leg, even for a short man, and enormous in the seat and round the waist. They may be said to have been all seat. They were worth a journey to Oxford to see. If you never saw them you will never believe in them.

One of the curses of his life was the necessity of rising from a low chair. That was why he would collect all the papers that other members wanted to look at, and place them in his chair, and sit on them for hours and hours. I don't mean that he wanted to make the chair higher; what he could not endure was the effort of rising from his chair to get another paper.

Dog v. Don.

I remember one very warm summer day when all the windows in the smoking-room at the Union were wide open. The "British Workman" had no sooner let himself down into the lowest chair in the room, with *The Sketch* in his hand, and the *Graphic*, *Illustrated London News*, *Black and White*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Pink 'Un*, the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, the *Chronicle*, the *Standard*, the *Morning Post* and a few other journals underneath him, than a dog, tied up in the gardens by some youthful member, began to howl.

The "British Workman," of course, did not move from his chair. That was clearly out of the question. He looked at me with eyes of misery; then he looked at another member; he looked at us all in turn, hoping against hope that we would shut the windows or do something to stop the howling of the dog.

Finding that no help was to be expected, he groaned aloud. The dog howled. He groaned again, more loudly. The dog howled. Finally, the poor gentleman put back his head and howled with the dog. The dog replied. The "B.W." answered the dog. And so this extraordinary duet went on, until the rest of us were driven from the room with tears running down our faces and unbearable aching of the abdominal muscles.

He will be greatly missed, this strange, lonely, popular, caricatured individual. I suppose he died in sheer disgust of the new-fangled era which had been thrust upon him by Fate. If Oxford still has any sense of humour, those trousers will be immortalised in granite.



CROSSING THE WATER TO REACH THE 10TH TEE: MISS BYNG, MISS GENA LOW, AND MISS MONA LOW.

One of the features of the Cannes golf course is the little trip over the water which must be taken at the turn. Our photograph shows Miss Byng, Miss Gena and Miss Mona Low going across with their caddies.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

Descended from William IV.: Two Charming Débutantes.



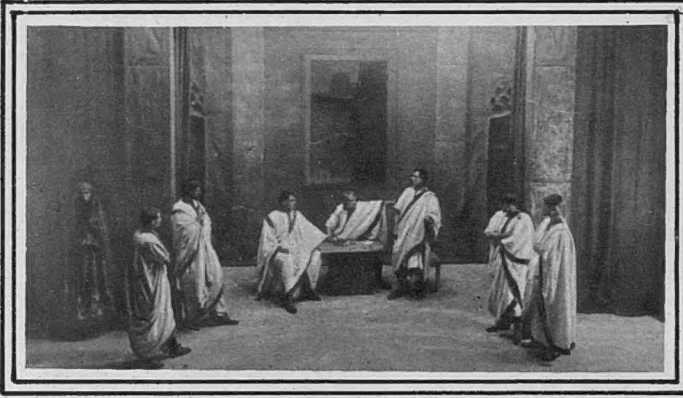
WITH THEIR MOTHER, LADY DOROTHY LEE-WARNER: MISS JEAN AND MISS IRENE LEE-WARNER.

Miss Jean and Miss Irene Lee-Warner, the two daughters of Major Chandos and Lady Dorothy Lee-Warner, of Tyberton Court, Hereford, and Walsingham Abbey, Norfolk, are two of this season's most important débutantes. They are descended from William IV., through

their mother, Lady Dorothy Lee-Warner, who is a sister of the present Earl of Munster, and was, before her marriage, Lady Dorothy FitzClarence. According to Debrett, the Earldom of Munster was conferred on George FitzClarence, son of Mrs. Jordan, the actress, and William IV., in 1831.

Photograph by Lafayette.

By the O.U.D.S.: Shakespeare's Play of Imperial Passion.



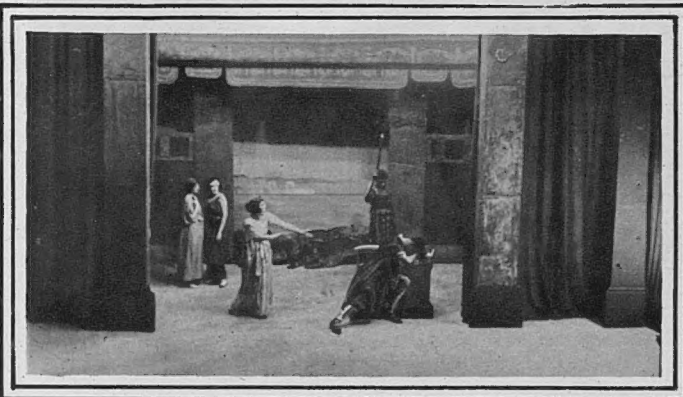
IN CÆSAR'S HOUSE, ROME: THE SOOTHSAYER'S WARNING TO ANTONY.



ON BOARD POMPEY'S GALLEY: THE BANQUET.



BEFORE THE MONUMENT: ANTONY DIES IN CLEOPATRA'S ARMS.



CLEOPATRA'S PALACE, ALEXANDRIA: THE QUEEN OF EGYPT CRIES FOR ANTONY'S PARDON.

"Antony and Cleopatra," Shakespeare's great play of imperial and imperious passion, was given by the O.U.D.S. with very little outside help, at the New Theatre, Oxford, and uncommonly well given. Mr. Ramage, of Pembroke, as Antony, showed the blustering as well as the dreamy side of his character, and his love scenes with Cleopatra were quite admirable. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, as the

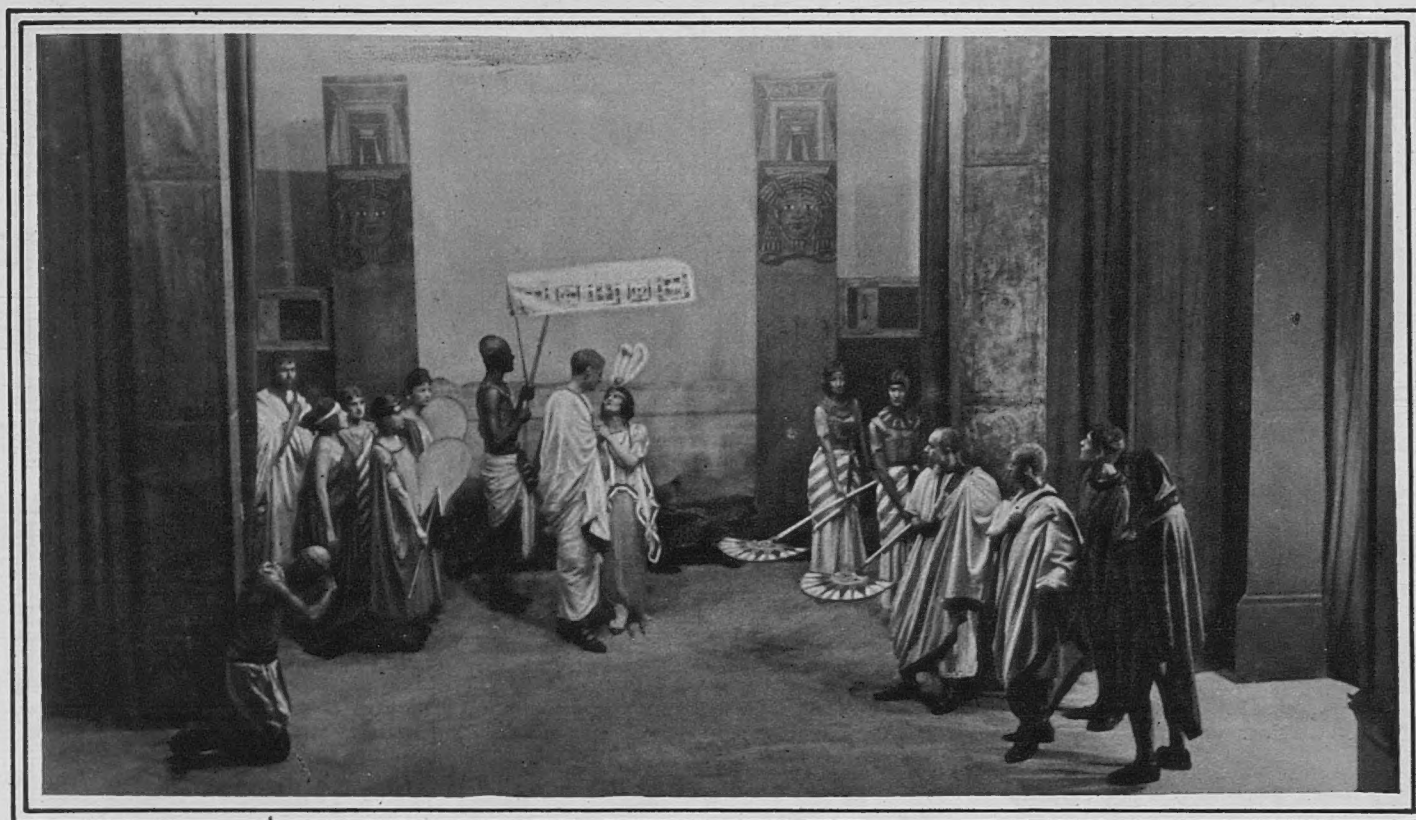


IN CLEOPATRA'S PALACE: ANTONY AND THE QUEEN OF EGYPT.

Queen of Egypt, was always alluring and occasionally gripping. She outlined the alternations from love to passion, and from passion to anger most skilfully. Mr. Bush's full-flavoured Enobarbus; Mr. A. T. H. Blanch's Octavius Cæsar; Mr. W. A. L. Raeburn's Sextus Pompeius; and Mr. H. J. Hamblen's Clown were also worthy of special notice. The O.U.D.S. may well be congratulated.

Photographs exclusive to "The Sketch."

"Antony and Cleopatra": First and Last Scenes.



"LOVE AND HER SOFT HOURS": CLEOPATRA'S PALACE AT ALEXANDRIA.



WITHIN THE MONUMENT: CÆSAR DISCOVERS CLEOPATRA DEAD.

Mr. W. Bridges-Adams, of Worcester, was responsible for the production of the O.U.D.S. "Antony and Cleopatra," given at the New Theatre, Oxford, on Feb. 8-12. The scenery was simple, effective, and in some cases beautiful. There were twenty-nine scenes, which were got through in less than three hours, which

is admittedly "good going." Our page illustrates the first and last scenes in the great tragedy. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, as Cleopatra, gave a very good performance, and the last glimpse of her within the monument, with her features composed in death, made a positively haunting picture.—[Photographs exclusive to "The Sketch."]



More About Mariegold



THAT big wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, makes one think that people are romancing about the Riviera, and that Cannes is all a myth. Everybody was at St. Paul's—everybody!

"I was getting quite low about being in London until that wedding," said Mariegold. "People began to sniff. 'You're not very nice to know; you're not at Monte Carlo'—that seemed to be the line. But that wedding set us up again."

All this is not to say that the Hardinge-Cecil crowd was very dense. The church was not actually full, but the King and Queen were there, and all the other people one expected to see.

"It was a perfect gathering of the group, with Mr. Balfour to sign the register. A very proper and powerful and swagger group, one felt it was, with Bishops in the family, and Grenadier N.C.O.s at the door.

"Everybody seemed as tall as those Guardsmen. Mr. Balfour, rather stooping, but tall; Lady Leconfield even taller; pretty Lady Cranborne, tall; Lady Wentworth, very tall; Lionel Ford, Lady Horner, and Lady Crawford.

"I tell you, as one sat among these people, surrounded by Bentincks, and Lascelles, and Goschens, and Harcourts, and Lytteltons, and Sturts—the illustrious Lois was there, and so was Miss Kipling, and, of course, Lady Desborough—as I sat there the crowd at Monte dwindled. By the end of the ceremony those little people on the Riviera, tripping about the tennis-courts and spinning about in cars round that curving coast, seemed diminutive. Lord Rocksavage was diminished, in my mind's eye, to about the size of a figure in a snap-shot; and Mrs. Winston Churchill, in her

"And I hear that a poem by Lady Desborough is on the way, which, frankly, seems to me a much more interesting event than a painting by Winston!"

London, let me add, is not populated entirely by "the very best people." We do not all spend our time at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. And so it happened that just before the outbreak of Lent you found fairly brisk attendance at the dance clubs. At Murray's, the night we went in, there were quite a lot of people besides young Nevinston.

"Nevinston is one of the serious young painters, you know," Mariegold instructed me.

I guessed he was artistic. But it's wonderful what a lot of dances he mixed in with that celebrated seriousness of his.

At the Grafton Galleries, the night we went, Lord Foley was with a party. Not too melancholy, he seemed to us, considering how ruinously he was treated about his books. The Foley folios—Shakespeares—are a byword now, a warning for everybody as to how *not* to sell folios. But the melancholy has passed, evidently.

"Before plunging into the austerities of Lent"—that was the excuse for a little round of dances.

How many of the dancers did take the plunge? How many of them so much as know the rules of fasting—two ounces of dry bread for breakfast, a mid-day dinner *ad lib.*, and eight ounces for the evening meal. Nothing at tea-time.

That is why Mariegold and I are sitting long over coffee, after the *ad lib.* meal. She, not I, it seems, is in need of penances!

We can't, of course, really cater for carnival time. A few dozen people distributed among the clubs, a few heroic, hard-worked dancers—and there the effort ends.



1. Angela has just formed a new Natation Society. The club meets every morning at 6.30 and bathes in the Serpentine. Angela spent many sleepless nights evolving a bathing-dress for the members of the Society. It must be decorative, practical, and above all things, warm.

pale yellow jumper, became doll-like; and so did the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, dodging from Cannes to Monte Carlo, and all the other important folk now on the Cote d'Azur—they all, somehow, seemed in my day-dream unimportant and frivolous.

"That was the effect of the St. Paul's wedding on me. You see, we seemed to have all the great families there—and all the very tall people. They were all so impressively tall that I could only suppose all the little people had gone to the Riviera! Oh, but I'm forgetting Paula Gellibrand. She brings up the average."

Lady Edward Cecil, by the way, had an informal dinner-party in Bryanston Square the night before the wedding. All the bridesmaids were present.

"If mothers do that, it means the silly old business of a groom's farewell dinner to his men friends is doomed. Another masculine monopoly gone by the board!"

Lord and Lady Hardinge and a lot of the same people had done another wedding the day before—Captain Francis Egerton and the Hon. Doris Meysey-Thompson's. All good Egertons turned up, including Lady Alix.

"Lady Alix Egerton is the latest of the poetesses. She has just published her book. It's not jazzism, or dadaism—just poetry.



2. Aunt Babsie is a most indefatigable member of the club. With the first glimmer of dawn she and her chaperon hasten to the Park. Having read that "the chaperon has come into her own again," Aunt Babsie engaged this lady—a charming widow, a contemporary of her granddaughter's, and never appears in public without her.

But there are other departments of life in which the Riviera can't compete. It can't, for instance, give you one of Lady Lavery's dinner-parties, with the latter end of the evening spent in the studio.

Even Paris couldn't give you one of those. Paris has had famous studios, as exclusive as any *salon*. But they have generally been bachelor studios, which means that the Lavery studio has a great advantage over them. It has Lady Lavery.

"Instead of going abroad, she has been doing things in London. The Prince of Wales has been one of her guests.

"It would be rather hard if everybody amusing stayed on at Nice and Cannes after the Royal Family had returned to town. The Prince's days are strenuous enough. He deserves his evenings off—when he can get them."

People are coming back now, of course. And some of them are not sorry. Lady Astor, for instance, is, as she says, an older and a



3. Angela has obtained permission to erect suitable pavilions in the Park, and as the sun rises the Natation Society partake of hot coffee and gay conversation.

wiser woman since her holiday in Algiers. She was snowed upon in the Near East. She wishes she had gone to the still nearer East End instead.

"I was as unlucky as Mr. Chesterton, who got snowed on in the Holy Land—an unheard of thing," she told us.

It made Bethlehem look like a Christmas card—and Bethlehem generally, of course, is the last place in the world that should, for Christmas cards and frosting were, I suppose, invented a long way from Bethlehem—probably in Berlin.

"Lots of unfortunates got back to London in time for the fogs, and have been living ever since on oxygen and jujubes. My chemist tells me that during that thick week quite a number of people in his diocese (so to call it) were actually kept alive by oxygen.

"But the greatest calamity I ran up against myself was a little dinner-party—absolutely dished by the fog."

Lady Clémentine Waring, Mariegold explained, had got her table at the Carlton, and was on her way home to dress, when she ran right into it at Hyde Park Corner. She telephoned from a house they were leaning up against, so to speak. "I'm caught in the fog," she 'phoned to her people. "What fog?" said they. It was so local that they could hardly believe in it. Then they sallied forth and rescued her; but that happened a good hour after she should have received her guests at the Carlton. And so she went home instead—to a tin of sardines, as she put it.

At "The Betrothal" the other night we saw Lady Leconfield, and, like her, were a little daunted by the Maeterlinck of the stage. He is better in print.

"It is a relief to find that Lady Leconfield agrees. I am so often in two minds about plays that other people admire," said Mariegold; "but she is sound on most things."

Lady Leconfield is not in town for long. She is going, not to the Riviera itself (which will still be kind of stuffy after its odd thousands of visitors), but to adorable small places behind the Riviera—behind the scenes, and unknown. First to the Roman remains in Provence,

then all along behind the Riviera, then Spain. She already knows Madrid, and is going there again.

Mariegold has been receiving her latest bulletins from a friend at Monte, telling of the commotion about the raising of the stakes at the Sporting Club—the good old roulette minimum of a five-franc-piece having been abolished by the authorities in favour of a louis.

"All the fuss that's made proves how very innocent we are here. We don't like playing high. We are young, and we hunt in couples. You must be alone to be a desperate gambler, and quite alone afterwards, when you go out into the dawn and shoot yourself. We are all in couples. It adds quite a domestic touch to the Casino to see newly married pairs there together, though one can't gauge their conjugal felicity by watching to see if they stake the same numbers!

"Last night talk turned on this question of re-marriage. Somebody maintained that a woman always admires one type of man. How false! The notable case of Milly Sutherland came to my mind, of course. Fitz so utterly unlike the Duke, and the third so utterly unlike either of them."

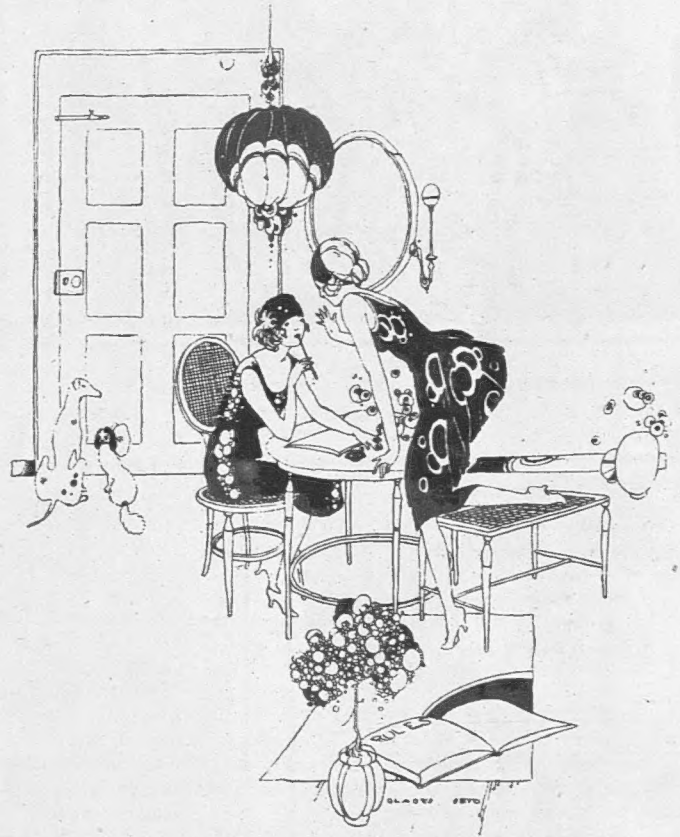
"Have you heard the charming story of Lord Dunsany's butler?" Mariegold asks.

Well, he is the one Englishman in Ireland approved by Sinn Fein. They credit him with a sense of humour.

The Black and Tans had paid several visits to Dunsany Castle, ransacking the rooms in the approved style. The butler watched, grim and silent. But on their third visit he saw them out. "Who shall I say called, Sir?" he asked, as he opened the door.

It is hoped that if the King calls on Mr. Lloyd George at Chequers he will be accompanied by the Queen. Her Majesty is particularly interested in old houses.

"Ask Clifford Smith, of the furniture department in the South Kensington Museum, what he thinks of her expertise. He probably won't tell you, though, because, being an official, he is horribly cautious and afraid of giving away secrets. The breach of confidence in this



4. New members are being enrolled daily. With the doors locked and bolted, and guarded by the darling dogs, Angela tells each candidate for admission the deadly secret of the Natation Society: "That nobody ever enters the water."

case would be that the Queen, who often spends an hour or two in his department, knows as much about old furniture as any woman alive."

"Anyway, in spite of his wife's illness, Lord Beatty is still smiling," said Mariegold. "I saw him just before he went abroad. It's that smile that gives him the look of an actress. He shows his teeth as much as Ellaline Terriss or Marie Studholme ever did. Beattie and Babs' they used to call him and Beresford at the Naval and Military."

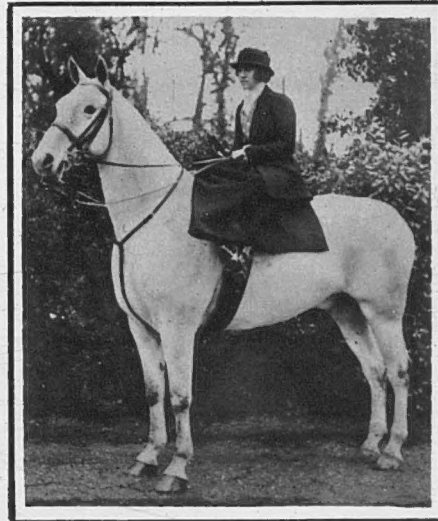
At Various Meets: Some Well-Known Hunting People.



AT A MEET AT SAXBY VILLAGE:
MISS VIOLA MEEKING.



A KEEN SPORTSWOMAN: THE DUCHESS
OF BEAUFORT.



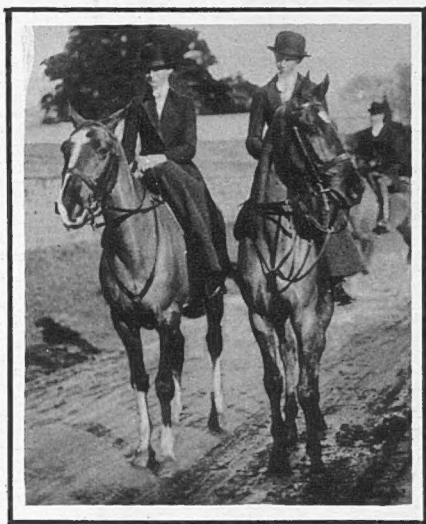
ON HER PRIZE-WINNING HUNTER, TORPEDO:
MRS. VICTOR ADAMSON.



WITH MISS GUINNESS: MISS GLEN AT A MEET
OF THE GARTH.



WITH MISS VIVIAN FINLAY: LADY FINLAY, OUT
WITH THE GARTH.



THE COTTESMORE MEET AT COLD OVERTON:
THE MISSES KEYSER.



OUT WITH THE CHESHIRE: MISS BARBARA
GROSVENOR.



WITH HER DAUGHTER: MRS. BURNS-HARTOPP
AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE.

Our page of hunting personalities shows some well-known sportswomen. The Duchess of Beaufort hunts with her husband, the Duke of Beaufort's pack. Mrs. Victor Adamson, of Towersey Manor, Thame, is shown on Torpedo, the eight-year-old hunter which took third prize in the heavy

weight hunter class at Olympia last year. She hunts with the Bicester. Our other photographs were taken at various meets, and are snaps of well-known followers of different packs, including Mrs. Burns-Hartopp and her daughter, who hunt with the Cottesmore.

Photographs by the Farringham Photo. Co., T.P.A., Rouch, Alfieri, and Photopress.

Massine Engaged: The Dancer's Romance.



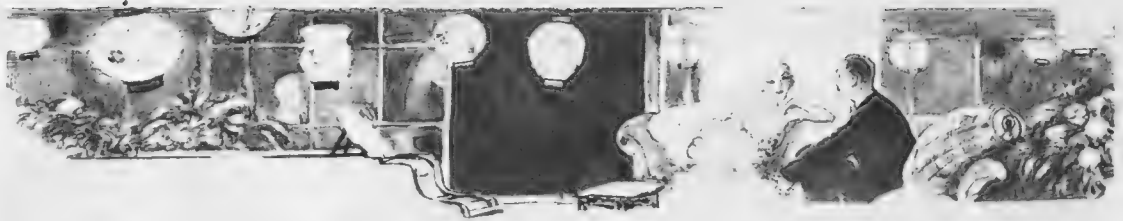
TO MARRY LEONIDE MASSINE, OF THE RUSSIAN BALLET: Mlle. VERA SAVINA (VERA CLARK).

It was announced the other day that Vera Savina, of the Russian Ballet, is to marry Leonide Massine, the great dancer of that Ballet. The pair met some two and a-half years ago. They are at present appearing in Rome. Massine, we need scarcely remind our readers, is an artist of remarkable skill, a superb dancer, and famous also as an inventor and producer of ballets. He followed Nijinski as leader

of the Russian Ballet. The bride-to-be is English. Her real name is Vera Clark, and her parents live at Baron's Court. She is just over twenty-one. She first learned dancing at Stedman's Academy, when she was twelve, and two years later she was the Oyster Queen in "Alice in Wonderland," at the Savoy. With the Russians, she has been seen in London in "La Boutique Fantasque."

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

Small Talk



IN spite of the migration South, there was quite a respectable collection of people who "count" at the only marriage this season honoured by the presence of their Majesties—that of the Hon. Alexander Hardinge and Miss Helen Cecil. Audible "hushes" were heard as the happy couple pronounced the fateful "I will." Evidently some of the gallery visitors could hardly believe their ears, and wanted to see the venturesome pair for themselves, hence the "hushes" on the part of a scandalised and well-bred congregation in the body of the church. One does, though, remember occasions on which the best blood hasn't prevented its owner scrambling up on a pew to get a better view of the bride than is obtainable between a waving forest of paradise and ostrich plumes!

Thank You, Miss N.

With half Society away, and news hard to come by, Miss Helena Normanton deserves the thanks of the newspaper-reading public for rushing in to supply a topic of conversation. It's a little hard on the kindly ones who have "granted women their freedom" to hear from the lips of one of the women who are turning the privilege to good account that she "hates this century like poison." Historians, too, come in for a thrust. "History," declares the possible Lord Chancelloress of the future, "is a dull, unreadable, untruthful mass of repellent un-veracity, because it ignores what women did in the Middle Ages."

But She is Right.

Without wishing to be too hard on Adam as he is to-day, one feels that Miss Normanton has right on her side. The assumption that woman is merely the mother of the race, and, figuratively speaking, slipper-warmer and bottle-washer in chief to the masculine half of the population is a purely modern view. In the old days—not so "good," perhaps, as some people picture them, but not too bad, either—women

were a very important factor in industrial production, not only in our little particular corner of the world, but all over it. What might be called the "cosy" idea about women was only introduced a little while before the Victorian era, and dates from the industrial revolution, when men alone began to assume the job of producing all the country wanted. Even the mediæval lord, who would probably have not thought it beneath his manly dignity to administer physical chastisement to his wife if he thought she deserved it, yet would entrust her with the care of his estate during his absence, and that's more than can be asserted of his present-day successor. Still, I'm sorry Miss Normanton hates this century; it is always

depressing to live amid surroundings where you feel you are not properly appreciated.

Still Dancing.

The cares of a "command" do not prevent Lord Horne from enjoying a little mild dancing now and again. With his wife he was at the ball at the Artillery Mess at Woolwich last week, and, unlike some men many years his junior, who pleaded that they had "not learnt the new dances," Lord Horne indulged in an occasional fox-trot and one-step. The event was partly in the nature of a "house-warming," for a certain amount of re-decoration has been carried on inside the Mess, and a new porch has been added.

Why They are Broader.

The Royal Regiment has some fine plate, including highly ornate silver centrepieces that came from the old Bengal Artillery Mess in Madras. They have, too, a fine gold cup given by the King, and all the show pieces were out of their cases decorating the supper-tables last week. Apropos the tables, visitors to the Mess have sometimes commented on the fact that one or two of the long dining-tables show a piece of wood a few inches wide added all round the edge. This is the explanation: his Majesty King George IV. was rather fond of dining in the Royal Artillery Mess at Woolwich. On one occasion some fellow-diner was so unfortunate as to touch his Majesty's foot under the table. The King requested that the tables should be made wider. Hence the addition of the newer wood.

Lots of Medals.

Some enterprising genius ought to invent a medal-guard. This is quite a serious matter. Before the war, when two or three medals were accounted quite a good collection, there was no danger of entanglements. But now that four or six are quite an ordinary number, and lots of people sport a great many more, the matter assumes a different aspect. Metal laces and straying locks "catch" fatally easily, and more than one proud owner of a long row of miniatures the other night had to separate his partner from his medals in the course of a dance.

Lent.

Lent, once accounted a "dead" season from the social point of view, is now retrieving its reputation as a "dull" time. Mi-Carême carnivals are already being discussed, rumours of private entertaining on a small scale are floating around, and the return of the Court is expected to buck up "business."

On Make-Up.

It is a sad fact that Nature is not always kind, so that the report that women are going to forsake "make-up" has caused no flutter in the tactfully shaded and upholstered beauty-parlours of London. But perhaps standards of beauty are going to change. One hopes so. A complexion the colour of ashes—is there not one painter who specialises in this?—and lips like cochineal is a combination that might be changed with advantage.

Sir Basil Zaharoff.

We desire to again express to Sir Basil Zaharoff our apologies for a statement contained in a recent issue, that a lady whose portrait we published was a granddaughter of his. Not only is the lady no relation or connection of Sir Basil Zaharoff, but the name given in the catalogue of the Grafton Gallery (where the original portrait appears) is different from that given in our original statement, and we much regret the unfortunate mistake and any annoyance caused to Sir Basil Zaharoff.



A BEAUTIFUL WIDOW: MRS. WILLIAM LOCKHART ST. CLAIR.

Mrs. William Lockhart St. Clair is the widow of Major William Lockhart St. Clair, D.S.O., R.H.A. This is her latest portrait.



ENGAGED TO MR. JOHN ROLAND WRIGHT: MISS NORAH FLORENCE ESSEX.

Miss Norah Florence Essex, whose engagement to Mr. John Roland Wright, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wright, has been announced, is the youngest daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Essex, of Streatham Park.

Photograph by Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO MR. BASIL JAMES DUGDALE: MISS URSULA ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAIN.

Miss Ursula Elizabeth Chamberlain is the only daughter of Sir Henry Chamberlain, Bt., and Lady Chamberlain. Her engagement to Mr. Basil James Dugdale, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dugdale, of Rowney Priory, Herts, has been announced.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

Full and Long: Advance Models Seen in Paris.



FULL-SKIRTED AND LONG—BUT STILL SLEEVELESS:
AN EVENING GOWN.



ADORNED WITH GOLD EMBROIDERY: A MODEL
OF BLACK VELVET AND TULLE.



WITH A BAND OF SILVER EMBROIDERY ON TULLE:
A BLACK CHIFFON VELVET DRESS.



ALL FRILLY FULLNESS: A BLACK FAILLE MODEL
WITH GOLD EMBROIDERY.

February is the month for fashion thrills, and the features shown by the advance models of the great dress houses sometimes appear more strange than beautiful at first sight, but are always full of interest. Our page shows four of the new Poiret models, all of which boast voluminous tendencies as regards skirts, and meagre

ones where sleeves are concerned. Embroidery is still to the fore as a favourite of fashion, and richness of fabric is a noticeable feature of the moment. The black-velvet evening gown, edged with fur and embroidered with gold, is only made of velvet as far as the bodice is concerned, for the skirt is of tulle.

Photographs by Delphi; Dresses by Poiret.

To Suit all Tastes: A Selection of Riviera Recreations.



1. READY TO BE FILMED BY A "MOVIE MAN": LORD ROCKSavage.
2. ON THE TERRACE AT MONTE: CAPTAIN DUDLEY LOFTUS, GENERAL SIR R. PULTENEY, AND THE HON. E. STONOR.
3. PLAYING IN AN EXHIBITION GAME: MISS RYAN AT MONTE CARLO.
4. TAKING A STROLL: MRS. HILL.
5. ON THE TERRACE: MISS ANDERSON.

The Riviera holds recreations for all tastes. Keen athletes like Lord Rocksavage can enjoy first-class tennis; there is racing at Nice, and pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo; and if one does not feel inclined to

6. RACING AT NICE: MR. ARTHUR GORDON AND MR. KEIZER.
7. PLAYING AT MENTONE: MRS. BERTHOUD, LADY CHAMPION OF BENGAL.
8. WATCHING THE PIGEON-SHOOTING AT MONTE: MISS READ.
9. PLAYING TENNIS AT MENTONE: MISS FRANKLIN.
10. FILM STARS AT THE NICE RACES: MISS IVY DUKE AND MR. GUY NEWALL.

take part in any form of athletic exercise, there is always plenty of enjoyment to be got out of the rôle of spectator. Our page shows some happy people interested in athletics.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

In the Sun: Golf and Tennis on the Côte d'Azur.



AT THE CANNES GOLF CLUB: MISS WHINERAY
AND MR. BERTIE DEUCHAR.



DRIVING OFF: MRS. MACKAY GOLFING
AT MANDELIEU.



A TEE SHOT: MISS HAWKES
DRIVING OFF AT CANNES.



WATCHING THE TENNIS AT MONTE CARLO: A GROUP INCLUDING LADY WARD
AND MISS ELEANOR GOSS, THE AMERICAN PLAYER.



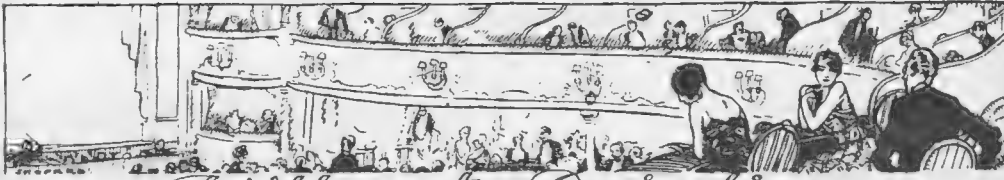
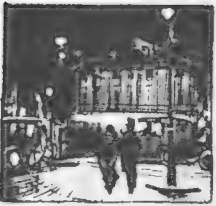
OFF FOR A MOTOR RUN: CAPTAIN GORDON LOWE, THE
WELL-KNOWN LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, AND SOME FRIENDS.



LEAVING THE MONT AGEL GOLF COURSE: LADY HALL,
MRS. TUCKER, AND MISS BACON.

Golf is as popular a pastime for Riviera visitors as lawn-tennis, and both the Cannes and the Monte Carlo courses have their devotees. Our photographs show some players on the former and a party leaving the latter course, as well as a group of interested spectators

of the lawn-tennis at Monte Carlo, and a happy party, including Captain Gordon Lowe, the well-known player, starting off for a motor run—probably along a section of the famous Corniche Road—[Photographs by S. and G.]



IN these dismal days, when the collective hand of the syndicates is heavy on the throat of British drama, one has to travel a long road to see a real play. The West End is filled to bursting point with entertainments which, if there were still a war on and if you were a particularly vivacious subaltern on leave from it, you would welcome with open arms. As well as an open mouth. And probably an open mind, into the bargain.

If you are determined to spend the evening in Town, you may see Cochran and his brethren in their jazz coats of many colours in as many and as various Revues—all the same—as you wish. If an aqueous farce is to your taste, you may see that also. Or if your inclinations lie in the direction of mild comedy, that, too, is at your command. There is even a large theatre where the indissoluble Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard will provide you with a mess of Belgian pottage produced with extreme pomp in the touching hope of buying off the hostility of the highbrows by this elaborate and costly charade.

But if you want anything better than merely to See a Show, you will have to make up your mind to travel a longish way from Piccadilly Circus. They have erected a Temple of the Muses in Hammersmith which has attained a deserved but thoroughly unexpected success. And now the same thing has happened on the Northern Heights. The heroic venture of the Everyman Theatre, just outside the fire-station at Hampstead, should be an encouragement to all the other suburbs. Now then, will Kensal Rise take up the challenge? And what does Brixton say?

The sturdy mountaineers of Hampstead have raised the standard of intelligent drama at the top of Fitzjohn's Avenue. And it behoves all of us to get out our ice-axes, extract that piece of *edelweiss* from between the yellowing pages of Auntie's album, fix it in our hats, and, roped together, to ascend the towering *arête* above Swiss Cottage. Because it is worth while.

After a little uncertainty and slight preliminary fumbling with less attractive productions, the Everyman *direction* has played the right card. And the result is that you may step out of Hampstead Tube Station right into their little theatre and see a good Shaw comedy

any evening of the week that you feel you can tear yourself away from nigger music or Miss Sybil Thorndike's drama of groans and gurgles.

Well done, too. "You Never Can Tell" is a piece that cannot be relied upon to act itself in the delightful and unvarying manner in which the felicitous fluffiness of "The Importance of Being Earnest" will pull any company of amateurs through their heavy floundering. Shaw has to be got across at the audience, and the long speeches often call for a deal of intelligent co-operation by the actor with his author.

But they did it extremely well. With an attractive minimum of scenery and a delightful absence of Humoresque-playing orchestra in the intervals, they gave an intelligible rendering of an intelligent play. Mr. Shaw can really (these young people of ours need reminding of the fact) write a comedy whose brilliance makes one forget his knowledge of economics. And why has no West End management taken the trouble to put on "Heart-break House," when they can find time to import second-rate symbolism from Belgium?

Anyway, up at Hampstead Mr. Brember Wills played a delightful Waiter, and Mr. Felix Aylmer produced, with terrifying facial adjustments, an admirable version of his K.C. son. Mr. Leslie Banks seemed to find no difficulty in sustaining the continuous vivacity of Philip, and the apparent absence of effort was the best indication of his hard work.

Of the ladies, Miss Hazel Jones made a really charming (though not the less alarming) figure of the other twin. Which cannot have been easy, because Mr. Shaw's young lady, as one meets her on his printed page, is a not particularly attractive barrage of conversation. But Miss Jones

made her sound—and look—quite delightful. As her majestic elder sister, Miss Dorothy Massingham handled one of the hardest parts in the modern drama. And she did it uncommonly well. Whenever she was allowed to emerge from the stream of talk into real dramatic action, she was first-rate. Miss Margaret Carter was equally successful with the unsympathetic raw material of the Suff. mamma. Altogether a good evening, well spent.

SINGING AT MONTE CARLO ON FEBRUARY 22 AND MARCH 1:
DAME NELLIE MELBA—A PORTRAIT BY W. B. E. RANKEN.
Melba is singing at the Monte Carlo Opera this season, and will appear in "Faust" on March 1, as well as in "Bohème" on February 22. This photograph is a reproduction of a portrait of Dame Nellie Melba by W. B. E. Ranken, now on view at the Modern Society of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries.

From the Portrait by W. B. E. Ranken.



On View at the R.I. Galleries: Four Modern Portraits.



MRS. GREENHILL GARDYNE.—BY JOHN ST. HELIER LANDER.



THE LADY BEATRICE POLE-CAREW.—BY T. MARTINE RONALDSON.



MRS. SHAW, OF BEENHAM HOUSE, NEWBURY.
BY GERALD F. KELLY.



MRS. C. F. HOYLE.—BY DAVID NEAVE.

Our page shows four of the portraits now on view at the eleventh Exhibition of the Modern Society of Portrait Painters at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly. Mrs. Greenhill Gardyne, who has been painted by Mr. John St. Helier Lander, is the wife of Colonel A. de G. Gardyne, of the Gordon Highlanders; Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew,

whose portrait is by Mr. T. Martine Ronaldson, is the wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, K.C.B., and the daughter of the third Marquess of Ormonde; Mrs. Shaw is the chatelaine of Beenham House, Newbury; and Mrs. Hoyle is the wife of Captain C. F. Hoyle, M.C., and the sister of Sir Ernest Martin.

Reproduced from the paintings by John St. H. Lander, T. Martine Ronaldson, Gerald F. Kelly, and David Neave.



WHAT is specially to be noted in Paris just now is the spontaneity of the students' fun. It is quite like old times again. While the preparations for *Mi-Carême* are more elaborate than ever, while the queens are being chosen with far more ceremony than usual, while this fête promises to be much more sumptuous than the papier-mâché procession of last year, it is not these things that make the Gay City gay. These official rites, though picturesque, always keep an air of formality. No, it is not thus that the French capital is becoming itself again—it is the unrehearsed jubilations of the young painters and doctors that, for the first time for many years, give back to Paris its old character.

At almost any moment round and about the *Mardi-Gras* you might, in the *Quartier Latin*, have bumped into the strangest, maddest *monôme*. These coloured cortèges which filled the streets with light and laughter, were proposed, seconded, carried unanimously, and formed forthwith. There was no preparation except for the lighting of hundreds of paper lanterns in a dozen ateliers and the hasty construction, in paper and ribbons, of some effigy which could be placed on a hand-cart. Thus organised, with somebody playing a fiddle, somebody else a drum, and a third student blowing a trumpet, the merry throng proceeded to hold up the traffic of the boulevards.

rigueur) they will keep their Empire crinolines, their Egyptian draperies, their Turkish skirts, their Spanish headdress. And in spite of this exotic wardrobe for every-day wear, they will invent something still more extraordinary for fancy-dress balls.

Since London has its Grand Guignol, it may be interested in the new programme of the original Grand-Guignol. In its way, the present performance is almost an ideal blend. The French certainly do these little plays well. What could be more delicately sad than "*Le Dernier Soir*" of René Wisner? It is the last night of a tiny café in which a few literary men loved to talk. The proprietor has lost most of his customers, because a glittering *brasserie* has opened across the street. He cannot keep the café going any longer. There is just one last flicker of hope when a half-drunken banker drops a fat wad of *billets*, but the *patron* restores it to its owner and receives a trivial reward.

Then there is a neat little tale told in "*Le Beau Rôle*" of Max Maurey and Henri Duvernois. An actor dressed as a *curé* is in the office of a theatrical manager. Left alone for a moment, there enters a young wife who also seeks an engagement, because, like most young wives, she thinks that her husband does not treat her well. She



SHOWING THE TIARA PRESENTED BY LADY EDWARD CECIL, AND OTHER BEAUTIFUL PRESENTS: SOME OF THE GIFTS AT THE HARDINGE-CECIL WEDDING.

The Hon. Alexander Hardinge, only son of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, and Miss Helen Cecil, only child of the late Lord Edward Cecil and of Lady Edward Cecil, received many beautiful wedding presents, the bridegroom's including a hammered silver bowl from the King and Queen; a blue enamelled clock from Queen Alexandra; a set of dessert knives and forks from the Prince of Wales, the

Duke of York, Princess Mary, Prince Henry, and Prince George; and gifts from the Princess Royal and Princess Victoria. Our photograph shows some of the presents of jewellery which the bride received, including a tiara from Lady Edward Cecil, and many other beautiful things from distinguished friends and relations, as well as the bridegroom's gifts, which are to be seen in the centre.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

And at the joyous balls, whether at Montmartre or on the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the most fantastic humour was displayed in the invention of fancy costumes. The crowning of the Queen of *Flora Latina*—one of the students' associations—was an uproarious farce, only possible in Paris. It was followed by a mock marriage, the ceremony being performed by the mock Mayor of the Free Commune of Montmartre—which, as everybody knows, has separated itself not only from France, but from Europe!

There are, however, morbid-minded persons who frown upon the spirit of Carnival, and at the *Quai d'Orsay* there is employed an elderly woman who is to see that the typists and women secretaries do not dress too unbecomingly! I do not know whose idea this is, but M. Briand apparently does not approve of the *duenna*, since his own fair assistants defy the Dress Censor. I wonder what the army of flappers in Government offices in England would have said to a professional critic of their silk stockings and their *décolletés*? These attempts to make French girls sober in dress will not succeed. They will keep their Russian bonnets, their Venetian hats, their Breton caps, their Chinese robes, their Moroccan capes, their Roumanian gowns, their Ammonite blouses, their aviation costumes, and, for evening wear (at the *Opéra* evening dress is now once more *de*

recounts her troubles to the supposed *curé*, who gives her good advice—at least, I suppose it must be considered good advice. She abandons her project and is prepared to go back to her husband. Then the manager enters, and, rather than destroy the effect of his sermon by revealing that he is not a *curé*, the actor goes away without disclosing his identity and without getting his job.

There is also much talent in "*Vive Boulbasse!*" a little thing of Regis Gignoux. A fraudulent banker comes out of prison just in time to hear his old partner, who has become Minister, acclaimed by the crowd. The irony of these ups-and downs of life is wittily conveyed. But the convict has his revenge. Looked at askance by his family and his friends, he has only to reveal the fact that he has put several millions aside, to be greeted with every show of affection. The *pièce de résistance*, however, is the play of Charles Méré, "*Monsieur de Sade*." The famous Marquis who has given his name to perverse cruelties is shown in a mad-house with one of his victims. In this bare room, with its iron-barred door, are the wrecks of the Revolution. It is a poignant scene. For finale we have the visit of one of the fine lovers of the Marquis, who is strangled by the victim of *de Sade*. The agony is, perhaps, piled on too thickly; but, then, that is in the *genre* of the Grand-Guignol. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

"Hardinge - Cecil": Attended by Their Majesties.



TWO OF THE BRIDESMAIDS: LADY ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON AND LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX (R).



A BRIDESMAID—SOON TO BE A BRIDE: MISS MOLLIE LASCELLES, LORD DALKEITH'S FIANCÉE.



WITH BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES; AND MR. ARTHUR PENN, THE BEST MAN: THE HON. ALEXANDER HARDINGE, M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS HELEN CECIL, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The marriage of the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, M.C., Grenadier Guards, only son of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, British Ambassador in Paris; and Miss Helen Cecil, only child of Lady Edward Cecil, was an important Society event. The King and Queen and Princess Mary attended both the ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and the reception. The bride, who wore a gown of old

point d'Angleterre, was attended by five bridesmaids—Miss Eva Cecil, the Hon. Diamond Hardinge, Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox, Miss Mollie Lascelles, and Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon; two pages—the Earl of Burlington (son of the Marquess of Hartington), and Gerard (son of the Hon. William and Lady Beatrice Ormsby-Gore); and one train-bearer—Master Thomas Loyd.

Photographs by Bassano, N.I., and Harris Picture Agency.



THERE is a curiously impersonal air about a Private View without any portraits. One has got so accustomed to the high-voiced lady in the fur cape who stands next to her own canvas counterfeit (in ball-dress, with Louis XVI. settee) and shouts across the gallery: "Do you like it, my dear? We think it's simply dreadful." And it mostly is. Because it is such a good portrait.

But you get away from that atmosphere, as well as from the little man in the grey suit and bowler hat who edges nervously round the crowd attracted by the picture of his uniform as Lieutenant of the County of Loamshire (good old Loams.), to see if they are noticing the insignia of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire worn just west of the Volunteer medal for Proficiency with the Arquebus.

None of those standing dishes were available at the Bateman show in Leicester Square. But in spite of their absence there was a tittering queue three deep all round the inner gallery, noisily enjoying that gifted distortionist's perversions of the human form and its emotions. Mr. Bateman is not, in the ordinary sense, a caricaturist. Because caricaturists live their artistic life among the Great. He just does Us.

You will not find any of the usual onslaughts on Mr. Lloyd George's chignon and Mr. Smillie's distressing lack of smill. Although in one or two instances he has given it personally to an artist or so. But for the most part he goes for the common man and his emotions. Our enjoyment of a pipe, of a visit to the doctor, of a quiet afternoon in a deck chair, of a (if we happen to wear long hair and short dresses) heart-to-heart talk in the small hours with a girl friend to the accompaniment of lies about our conquests and hair-brushes.

As an exaggerator of emotions he is astoundingly successful. He enlarges a little moment of anger into a prolonged and glaring fury, in which we kill the cat and shatter the furniture. A moment of boredom with him becomes a never-ending infinity of tedium terminable only by suicide. He is a caricaturist not so much of persons as of moments and feelings.

And he draws with the most graceful exaggeration. His little tales without words owe a good deal to Caran d'Ache, who owed something in his turn to Wilhelm Busch. But it takes Mr. Bateman to import into them the wild exaggeration of "The Pictures (a Study in Emotional Receptivity)," or "The Possibilities of a Vacuum-Cleaner." "How Big Bill Answered the Call" is a delightful

adaptation of the Caran d'Ache method. "Forbidding the Banns" is almost in the mood of George Morrow. But no one else could have done "The Revue Author Takes a Call" or—the best thing in an excellent roomful—"The Evolution of a Christmas Card."

Somewhere in the next room there is a Rothenstein portrait-lithograph of Max. It is an inadequate revenge for the more brutal treatment which Max has in his time—and before that awe-striking professorate—meted out to Will Rothenstein. But it serves to remind one of the almost incredible pinnacle on which the unconcerned Max now finds himself. Perhaps that is why he avoids us all on the Riviera di Levante.

Twenty years ago he was the affectation of a group. Ten years ago he was the discovery of a few Intelligents (or do they spell it with a "z," to look Russian?). But now his prose is the one undisputed thing in contemporary letters. Queer. Of course, it is more than good enough to stand the strain. But nothing could be odder than to hear the four-and-seventy jarring sects down battle-axes and unite in the acclamation of Max's writings, those tiny Meissoniers of literature.

Perhaps one day he will draw the scene for us, and show himself urbane, sleek, delicately ageing, taking tea with his admirers, as he once drew the rubicund Browning taking his astonished tea with the Browning Society. But it is tantalising of them to put his portrait into the Leicester Galleries, where we have so often gathered for his shows, and not to give us another show of Him.

Because there is nobody else quite like. Even Mr. Bateman in the next room dwindles a little when set beside those caricatures which blend social and literary criticism with the most astounding draughtsmanship. Max is one of the reasons why the rest of British graphic art seems extraordinarily to lack savour.

But if we haven't all got the genius to sum up somebody's soul in a four-inch drawing, let us for goodness' sake follow Mr. Bateman into the genial depiction of the life and feelings of the ordinary man magnified fifty times. Because he has the skill, he has the time, and (if the art patrons know their job) he ought to have the money, too. And not only does Bateman amuse, but he is a tonic. He teaches us how middle-class we are. Because we really Are, you know, and the fact that we are so like the little people in his pictures shows it.



LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE: CAPTAIN FRANCIS EGERTON, AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. DORIS MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

The marriage of Captain Francis Egerton, son of Mr. G. F. and Lady Alice Egerton, of Gawithfield, Ulverston, and the Hon. Doris Meysey-Thompson, third daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The bride, who wore a dress of ivory and silver brocade, was attended by her sister, the Hon. Gwendolen Meysey-Thompson; the Hon. Sybil Hardinge; Miss Idina Myddleton; Miss Diana Lascelles; Miss Pamela Vandeleur, and Miss Patricia McCalmont; and she had two train-bearers—her nephews, Master Peter and Master Hugo Legh.

Photograph by Tom Aitkin.



OF THE WHITE TOWN AND WHITE TAKI: PRINCESS SERGE BELOSSELSKY - BELOZERSKY.

Princess Serge Belosselsky-Belozersky is the wife of Prince Serge Belosselsky-Belozersky, an officer of the Russian Imperial Horseguards, and a member of one of the oldest families of Russia. The name Belosselsky-Belozersky means, literally, Prince of the White Town and

White Taki—a place which was the origin of the name, and exists to this day in Russia. Princess Serge Belosselsky-Belozersky is now in England, having escaped from the Bolshevik reign of terror, and is doing a great deal of charitable work for her poor compatriots.

From the portrait by Leo Klin.



CARNAVAL

FROM THE PICTURE

(Numbered Prints in the Possession of the G)



VAL DE VENISE.

THE PICTURE BY LOUIS MORIN.

on of the Galerie Lutétia, 51, Boulevard Raspail, Paris)

Comic, Enchanting, and Melodious: A Real Panto.



HARRIS CARICATURES: "ALADDIN," AT THE HIPPODROME.

"Aladdin," at the Hippodrome, is real pantomime at its best. It deals with a traditional story; is provided with many novel and enchanting stage effects and wonderful dresses; has many lilting melodies,

and a specially strong comedy side, for which Mr. Lupino Lane and Miss Nellie Wallace are chiefly responsible. Our artist has illustrated some of the capers of this priceless couple on our page.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



MR. J. D. BERESFORD has for the moment set aside Freud for the Future. He has been aware of much talk concerning revolution, and he has said to himself: "Let us get hold of it and see how it really would work out." "Revolution" is the working out; and it is illuminating. The result of Mr. Beresford's logical reasoning seems to be that a revolution is something that makes bad conditions worse; that the best possible means of avoiding social disaster is the entire elimination of the hot-heads on both sides; and finally that the only hope of universal salvation is to put into practice the homely virtues of understanding, sympathy, and love.

Truly, I feel that Mr. Beresford's book is one that ought to be put into the hands of those who think by theory rather than by human practice. He himself builds on humanity. He has utilised the best and oldest possible form of stating a case—that is, he has written a parable, or, as the moderns call it, a novel. Paul Leaming, who has come from the war with shell-shock, and a new gift of exquisite sensibility, is an ordinary young man living in a sleepy and ordinary village. His father is an ordinary hot-head of the "shoot-the-lot" breed. His sister, Imogen, is a born but frustrated nurse.

Into this nucleus of the everyday springs revolution. It is quite a human revolt, growing naturally out of a General Strike. The usual idiot, however, precipitates matters in London by shooting dead the redoubtable but reasonable Labour Leader, Isaac Perry. That shot gives the furious minority a domination over a people who "on the whole were afraid of revolution."

In Paul's village, the local germ-cell of revolt is seen in ferment. Lord Fynemore, of the old order, anticipates "a more or less peaceful revolution, with a reasonable percentage of casualties among the—er—

landowners." Imogen welcomes it because it means wider social intercourse, and an ending of her isolation as a daughter of the gentry. The country folk are mainly placid, but resentful of the idea of sharing their worldly goods on a communal plan. The conservative hot-heads are for fighting. The labour hot-heads are for hanging.

Paul, with his new Tolstoyan ideals and his hatred of bloodshed, strives to keep all the clashing temperaments—admirably drawn—steady and human. He succeeds, and fails. The counter-revolution comes along. The local hot-heads of both brands eliminate themselves with pistols, and they leave behind them a state of chaos that promises nothing, that is actually worse than before. Hot-heads of all factions have had their wild way without success; the only note of hope arises from the spirit that kept the village sane and un-



THE COMPOSER OF "VALSE TRISTE" AND "FINLANDIA" IN ENGLAND: M. JEAN SIBELIUS.

M. Sibelius is at present on a visit to London. He made his first public appearance in this country as a conductor at the Queen's Hall on Saturday last, when his Fifth Symphony was played for the first time in England. M. Sibelius is a very well-known composer, and the playing of his "Finlandia" was forbidden in Finland during the Russian régime, as it was supposed to inflame national feeling.

Photograph by Breikopf and Härtel.

bloody throughout the period of anarchy—the spirit of community, unity, and mutual sympathy. "Revolution" is propaganda, of course; but propaganda properly handled can be as thrilling, as dramatic, as human, and as actual as any other aspect of humanity.

Wint Chase, of Mr. Ben Ames Williams' "The Great Accident," is a sullen Bayard. He is, in the words of his delightful lady love,

Joan, "just the plaything of a little devil of perversity." His father "a curious compound of harmless faults and dangerous virtues," is quite the wrong sort of father for this young man to have, and Wint opens his career on a toboggan on the slippery slope of drink in the Ohio town of Hardiston, where "it's against the law to sell liquor if you get caught."

However, there is Amos, fat and Machiavellian, and Amos for political ends tricks Wint into being elected as Mayor, and gives him his chance. It is a great laugh, that little effort of political chicanery in a little town; but the laugh is "on" Wint's father, who wanted to be Mayor, and on certain lively and capable scoundrels who wanted to smash Amos. From thence on, this quite lively and attractive yarn, which makes one feel with vivid reality the humour, the kindliness, the graft, and the humanness that make the atmosphere of the town, swings forward in crisp style.

Wint finds himself gradually. He finds out the beastliness of people (particularly that of his genial best friend Routt—a little triumph in villainous good-fellowship) even more gradually. He sets himself to clean up the town and suppress the boot-legger, using his fists when necessary in a most useful and exciting way. Finally, there comes Hetty of the red hair, and the attempt to smash him through the frailty of Hetty.

Peter Jackson being busy with his affairs (on a farm, wasn't it?) Mr. Gilbert Frankau has, in "The Seeds of Enchantment," taken a holiday into that land where Rider Haggard reigns, and Tarzan Burroughs is also king. The Long 'Un, superb, aristocratic, Ouidaesque; de Gys, a "red-bearded giant with red-brown eyes"; and Beamish, inspired by the wonder-girl, Mélie la blonde, whose hair was "a great casque of molten gold, under which the face showed flawless and luring," force the secret of the Indo-China hills from a dying Italian "gone yellow," and set off to find the Flower Folk and the magical beans of illusion.

They travel up the Mekong under magnificent hardships, and in due time find their way into the land of the Brazen Men, where the tremendous fellows, They-of-the-Bow, are ruled by Shore, of the whiskered chin, La-nsbir, See-bom, Mun-nee and others of the Fabian Society in apparent re-incarnation. There are tremendous intrigues, in which the woman Su-rah, "beautiful with the beauty of sin," plays a Cleopatra part; and epic games of Sword, Axe, and Bow, in which de Gys and the Long 'Un just save the prestige of the Entente at the last putt—that is, bow-shot.

Then they obtain the final clue to the land of the old French refugees, and in time reach the Flower People. But the Flower People have eaten the bean of illusion, and have forgotten their ancestors and their prowess. What happens when the Brazen Men march down on these helpless exquisites, with only the three white men to hold the ford, serves as a gorgeous wind up to the story.



GIVING HER FIRST RECITAL AT THE WIGMORE HALL TO-NIGHT (FEB. 16): MISS MARY COPNER.

Miss Mary Copner is a very promising new soprano from the West of England. She is giving her first recital to-night (Feb. 16).

Photograph by Swaine.

Revolution. By J. D. Beresford. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The Great Accident. By Ben Ames Williams. (Mills and Boon; 8s. 6d.)

The Seeds of Enchantment. By Gilbert Frankau. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

From Ireland and the Shires: A Sporting Sextet.



AT A MEET OF THE MEATH: LADY DUNSANY.



A FOLLOWER OF THE UNITED HUNT: MISS W. STUART-FRENCH.



SNAPPED AT A MEET OF THE QUORN: LADY THERESA CROSS.



OUT WITH THE BELVOIR: MISS VIOLET McCRAITH.



AN IRISH SPORTSWOMAN: MISS EILY SHARMAN-CRAWFORD.



AT A MEET OF THE QUORN: MISS P. BROCKLEHURST.

Lady Dunsany is the wife of the Irish poet-peer, and a daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey.—Miss W. Stuart-French is the daughter of Captain P. W. G. Stuart-French of Marino, Carrigloe, Queenstown, and hunts with the United Hunt, County Cork.—Lady Theresa Cross is the wife of Mr. John Cross, of Rearsby House, Leicester, and a daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Eglinton and Winton. She hunts

with the Quorn.—Miss Violet McCraith, of The Park, Nottingham, is a well-known follower of the Belvoir.—Miss Eily Sharman-Crawford, who goes out with the United Hunt, County Cork, is the daughter of Mr. A. F. Sharman-Crawford, of Lota Lodge, Glanmire.—Miss P. Brocklehurst, of Cambridge House, Melton Mowbray, hunts regularly with the Quorn.—[Photographs by Poole, Waterford.]

Artistic and Sporting: A Skating and Swimming Expert.



THE WIFE OF A D.S.O.: MRS. ALBERT DE LANDE LONG.

Mrs. Albert de Lande Long is the wife of Major Albert de Lande Long, D.S.O., Gordon Highlanders, the well-known big-game shot, and is the daughter of the late Mr. Arthur Paterson. She possesses rather an

unusual combination of gifts, for she is not only a good all-round athlete—being a first-class skater, and possessing the Humane Society's Testimonial for Saving Life at Sea—but is also very artistic.

Photograph by Lafayette.



I AM HANGED!

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS. (Author of "Hanky Panky John," etc.)

I CHOSE the right side of the bed and bounded out as brightly as a man may bound on a cold February morning. I leapt gaily into my ice-cold bath and out of it again with even greater sprightliness, for my morning's programme was one to make the heart glad. Was I not pledged to meet at twelve a man who proposed presenting me with eight hundred pounds in exchange for my signature on a twopenny stamp? And, even better than that, was I not to lunch *tête-à-tête* at one-fifteen with Etheldreda, the most wonderful woman in the world?

I sang gaily to myself up to the moment of putting on my collar. I was garbed in a *sans souci* shirt, braces *à la* Skegness, trousers of wedding-day hue, and boots whose polish proclaimed the advent of a beano. Around my neck I studded a collar of character . . . and then I opened a small drawer in order to choose a tie.

From out this heap of silk, which colour would I select? Would Etheldreda be wooed by a woof of dove-like grey? Would she purr under the influence of a delicate puce? Would she caw if I paraded before her in blue-and-white spots? Would she miaow if I appeared behind a pad of tortoiseshell? Who shall say? I hesitated as long as I dared, and then snatched up a gorgeous scarf of purple stabbed with yellow pickaxes. "This," said I to myself, "will make Etheldreda moo."

I put the tie around my neck . . . and then I stopped. . . . I could not tie it.

But do these things happen? Years ago I was in the habit of lunching every day with my brother. We also met practically every evening. I liked him because he never played chess, and if ever I told a brief humorous anecdote he would laugh like a horse with the croup. Yet a day came when I could not recall this man's name. We sat together in a restaurant as usual, and it happened that I was called upon to make an introduction. To my intense confusion, I had to ask my brother his surname. Who can explain it?

But to forget how to tie one's tie! Stop for a moment and think how hideous must be the consequences. One can ask one's brother his name, but one can't ask a tie to tie itself. My landlady might have helped, but it so happened that after bringing me my breakfast, she had caught an excursion train to Clacton to visit a daughter whose passion for oysters had led her to swallow an imitation pearl necklace.

Now, a man cannot go out into the world with his tie undone. He can perform all sorts of other sartorial pranks, such as brown-booting the frock-coat, white-bowing the tuxedo, or cummerbunding the lounge. But there is something about a tie which no one yet has been able to defy. It must be tied. It may be tied badly, it may be soiled or frayed. It may be made of anything: silk, cotton, aeroplane cloth, or mere red tape. But a tie must be tied.

At first I faced the discovery bravely. I strolled about my room whistling, and even played a few bars on the piano. I re-read the newspapers. I smoked. I offered myself drink, and accepted my

hospitality. I thought of a number, spread out a jig-saw, turned a somersault and cracked nuts. . . . So the time passed.

At twelve o'clock the telephone bell rang. Here was the good merchant who wished to give me eight hundred pounds. "Aren't you coming for your money?" he asked. "If I remember," I replied. He asked for particulars. I tried to give them, without actually revealing my shame. "Do you want this money, or don't you?" And I could but reply: "If I remember."

I spent the next hour studying the illustrated papers, and carefully scrutinising the ties of any gentlemen therein depicted. Enlightenment did not come. I made up a dummy man with pillows and another suit, and tried to tie a tie round his neck. Sometimes

I nearly did it, but never quite. My singing to myself became a little wilder.

Again the telephone bell rang. Etheldreda spoke. She was waiting for me. Was I going to keep my appointment? "If I remember," I cried in despair. Etheldreda hoped I was not ill. She had been so looking forward to this lunch, the lunch that might change her life. Was I coming? She was sitting in the hall, waiting, waiting. She had a present for me. The darling! Who was I to merit a gift from her? What was it? . . . What? . . . A box of ties! Ring off.

Next I dipped my head in cold water. I got out all the Pelman volumes and poured them over myself. I had grey books stuck in my boots and under my arms, and I had a little grey book in my vest. Judging by appearances, you would think I could remember anything. So I could—everything but how to tie my tie.

The telephone again! "Are you aware—" begins my eight-hundred-pound friend. "Are you aware that the cats of the Isle of Man have got no tails?" is my angry retort. "Can't you send me some rosemary! Rosemary, you fool! That's for remembrance!" . . . He has cursed me and rung off.

Etheldreda again. "Yes, I love you. Of course I love you. But I can't remember. I simply cannot remember. Don't ask me what. I hope the world will never know. I can't come out because I'm not dressed for coming out. Farewell, sweet dove. Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny. There's fennel for you, and colum-

bines. . . . Potty? Of course I'm potty. I'm worse. I'm dippy. Etheldreda, good-bye for ever!"

They found me that night strangled. To the hook behind the door I had tied myself, and I had hanged me with a tie. Yes—that very tie, the purple one decorated with yellow pickaxes! On my dressing-table my landlady discovered the confession which now you read. Spare me a tear, if you have humour.

P.S.—This was written with the object of discovering if it were possible to write a story about a tie without calling it a cravat.

THE END.



THE TALENTED DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN: MISS ENA GROSSMITH, WHO IS MAKING A BIG SUCCESS IN "THE SAFETY MATCH."

Mr. George Grossmith's daughter, Miss Ena Grossmith, is making a big hit as Veronica Vereker in "The Safety Match," the Ian Hay play at the Strand. It will be remembered that she also played in "Tilly of Bloomsbury," Mr. Ian Hay's last comedy, which was produced at the Apollo in 1919.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

The Romance of "Juggernaut" Carr, at the Strand.



THE VICARAGE CHILDREN AT PLAY: ANTHONY (ENA FRANKLIN), VERONICA (ENA GROSSMITH), DAPHNE (KYRLE BELLEW), ALOYSIUS (REGINALD BACH), AND STEPHEN (CLIFFORD MOLLINSON).



GEORGE GROSSMITH'S DAUGHTER AS THE FLAPPER, VERONICA: MISS ENA GROSSMITH.

Mr. Ian Hay's "The Safety Match," at the Strand, is the tale of a Vicar's good little daughter in her teens, who darned and saved and organised for her papa and her brothers and sisters. By her many virtues and girlish charms she enthralled Sir John (Juggernaut) Carr, the successful business man, and married him as "A Safety



AS THE MAINSTAY OF THE POOR VICAR'S FAMILY: MISS KYRLE BELLEW AS DAPHNE VEREKER.

Match" for the good of the family. Of course, "it all comes right in the end"; but while things are reaching this satisfactory conclusion the play gives Miss Kyrle Bellew plenty of scope in the rôle of Daphne, and a number of both playful scenes and pathetic moments with her "Juggernaut," played by Mr. Arthur Bouchier.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

"Shadowed" by Winston's Sea-Lions: Diving Nymphs.



WITH THE SEA-LIONS MIMICKING THEM: MISS FERRY AND MISS WOOD AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

The skill of Miss Clair Ferry and Miss Ruth Wood is rivalled by the sea-lions who appear in their remarkable act at the Coliseum, for whatever dive or trick the girls perform, Mr. H. W. Winston's sea-lions imitate. They swim on their backs, blow bubbles under water, give exhibitions of life-saving, and obey words of command. Some of the five members of the troupe at present at the London Coliseum have

won war laurels as well as artistic success, for they were among the sea-lions used in 1917 to track down enemy submarines. This was done by training the animal to distinguish the particular note of a German propeller and follow the submarine in the hope of getting food, thus disclosing its whereabouts. Mr. Winston's training-school for sea-lions is at Monterey, Cal.—[Photographs by Stage Photo Co.]

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CAVIARE !

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.



"Mind they don't kiss!"

"THERE'S your chance! If the balls don't kiss, you will go in off the red—and the game is yours! Make it a good shot. Don't forget we're playing for a box of Kenilworths."

Needless to say she *did* make it a good shot after that reminder. A hundred of "the only cigarettes"—it is a prize

worth winning. And when the game is over, what joy to open the fresh box—the little treasure-casket of those mellow golden Virginias. How delightful to sit together and watch the delicious aromatic smoke of the two Kenilworths curling up and mixing in little lazy puffs

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The "Kenilworth" Crop, now being used, has developed magnificently in store, and is making the finest Virginian cigarettes procurable to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/6 for 20, 3/8 for 50, 7/4 for 100.

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ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Politics of Golf. Then the wind blew and the rain fell, the lightning flashed and the thunder roared, and the land once smiling in the sunshine was smitten by a raging storm. It was the Land of Golf. The world has gone mad with politics; they intrude

into every department of life, and now they make the golfers unhappy, or try so to do. There has never been such an outbreak of golf politics as within the past few days. Such politics in moderation there have always been. Men have given their lives to them, as we know—studied and discussed them in preference to playing the game; but the average golfer, being a wise man, has largely ignored such stuff, and gone on with his own absorbing game. Nothing has he lost thereby. The neophyte who comes new to this game is confronted

with thirty-six general rules, and large numbers of special ones, including sixteen for stroke competitions, ten for games in which more than two balls are used, nine points of etiquette, and various others. It seems to him that this must be the most complicated game ever

known; but, after he has played it once or twice, he knows that it is a purely natural game and quite the simplest thing in essence. Thereafter he never troubles more about the rules, and not one per cent. of golfers could quote any rule correctly, yet more than ninety-nine play aright. The politics of various periods have brought all these complications of rules into being, and see what the result is. But this is not to say that to guard against contingencies they may not be necessary. Yet the spirit and principle of the game are so exact that the player understands by instinct what is the right thing to do in most circumstances. The whole world of the game, as we are led to believe, is now tearing itself with anxiety upon the stymie question (which has been provoked once more by the Americans), and the ball question, which again the terrible Americans have been the cause of. There are other planks on the political platform, such as the handicapping business, but these two are the chief, and it may be that St. Andrews will go to the country on them.

ministry in this matter, let us individually be keen and well informed, and let us bear in mind that certain of our government are by way of being meddlers, cranks, and extremists. The American diplomats who came here last summer and were pressed to adopt the floating ball told us that if they returned to America with any such recommendation there would be revolution there, and they durst not. For long has the Middle West been spoiling for a revolution, and it would have had it over this. Again, our publicists have captured the Press, and are now trying to make out that British golf is sighing for the non-floater that flyeth less, and endeavouring to work up our people to fervidness on the point, knowing that the average golfer is not a politician and simply will not think. Dear golfing reader, beware of these agitators. They are at it like anything in the newspapers now, and if you don't watch them they may spoil your game. Just think hard, and then decide. Do it now. I believe that, in spite of what the agitators say, there would be an enormous majority in the country at present against a floating ball; and that majority, and not the championship people and the cranks, ought to have the decision.

Ethics of the Stymie.

Think hard upon the stymie question, which is as old as the Land and the Irish and

the Free Trade questions. I do not believe that the average player really knows whether he wants stymies or not, because he has never thought hard upon the subject, and if he would think he might be surprised upon his own instincts and desires. Nothing has so much exhibited to me the absolute differences of instinct that have arisen between the Americans and ourselves, apart from golf, as our different feelings on the stymie question. The Americans honestly and absolutely believe the stymie is wrong; we do not, and we are equally honest and sincere. Over there they say it is unfair, as in a certain sense it is. But we say it is sporting; that it tests a player's nerve, his resource, and his capacity for enduring shocks from outrageous fortune; that golf is a sort of epitome of



FORMERLY MISS FELICITY TREE: MRS. CORY-WRIGHT DRIVING.

Mrs. Cory-Wright, the youngest daughter of the late Sir Herbert Tree and of Lady Tree, is a keen golfer and a member of the Ladies' Stage Golfing Society. She won the medal at the recent competition at Beaconsfield.

Photograph by S. and G.

known; but, after he has played it once or twice, he knows that it is a purely natural game and quite the simplest thing in essence. Thereafter he never troubles more about the rules, and not one per cent. of golfers could quote any rule correctly, yet more than ninety-nine play aright. The politics of various periods have brought all these complications of rules into being, and see what the result is. But this is not to say that to guard against contingencies they may not be necessary. Yet the spirit and principle of the game are so exact that the player understands by instinct what is the right thing to do in most circumstances. The whole world of the game, as we are led to believe, is now tearing itself with anxiety upon the stymie question (which has been provoked once more by the Americans), and the ball question, which again the terrible Americans have been the cause of. There are other planks on the political platform, such as the handicapping business, but these two are the chief, and it may be that St. Andrews will go to the country on them.

A Time of Crisis.

Now the golf world is on the horns of a dilemma. In both matters we have attempted compromise with the Americans, with the object of preserving unity in the game. It is right to say that the Americans, feeling differently from ourselves, have done their best to effect satisfactory compromises also. So the time has come when each man and woman of us, holding the golf franchise by virtue of club membership and a handicap, must really begin to think a little more seriously of these politics, or we shall find our game being spoiled for us. Like others, I am largely in sympathy with the British official attitude on the question of the size and weight of the ball, and its flying capacity; but when we support our own government against the New York



THREE PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' STAGE GOLFING SOCIETY: MISS VIOLA TREE, MRS. CORY-WRIGHT, AND MISS EDITH LEITCH.

The recently formed Ladies' Stage Golfing Society counts many well-known women among its members, including Miss Viola Tree and her sister, Mrs. Cory-Wright. Miss Edith Leitch, one of the famous golfing family, and a sister to Miss Cecil Leitch, is also a member. Her qualification is that she is a vocalist and has sung on various concert platforms and music-hall stages.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

life, and that, as life itself is unfair, the stymie comes into golf likewise. Again, we urge that, if to lose a hole through a stymie is intensely irritating, this is more than counterbalanced by the enormous exhilaration of successfully attacking a stymie. You must think this out, for I believe that at the first consideration most of you, while passively accepting the stymie, have superficially fancied that it may be wrong. Think more, and you will see that it is right. It is highly important that these international questions should be settled; and on the stymie question at all events Britain should be firm.



TO CAPTAIN THE STAGE TEAM IN THE STAGE v. SCRIBES MATCH: MISS MADGE SAUNDERS.

Miss Madge Saunders, the well-known actress, and wife of Mr. Leslie Henson, the great comedian, is a keen golfer and a prominent member of the Ladies' Stage Golfing Society. She will captain the team of actresses who are playing the Ladies of Fleet Street at Bramshott on Feb. 27.

Photograph by S. and G.



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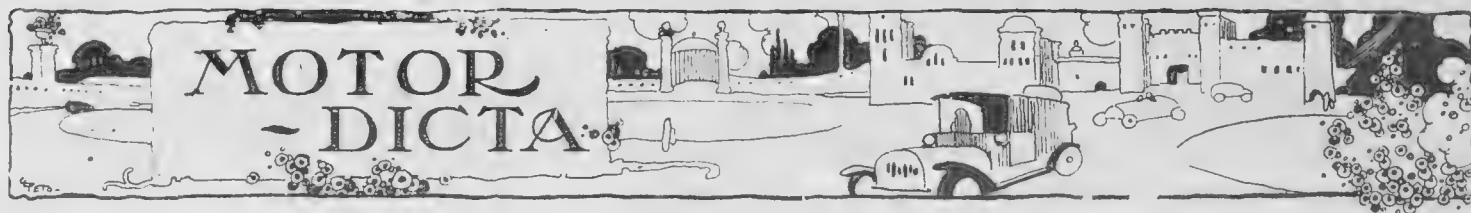
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THE AUTO IN COMMERCE: S.O.S. STATISTICS. By GERALD BISS.

THE motor world, in common with many other branches of industry, is beginning to sit up and take nourishment at the announcement of the belated decease of the E.P.D. monster, and it should help to give things the fresh start so badly needed both by buyers and sellers. Again in some quarters there has been a considerable cut in prices in order to unload stock and to tempt coy "ready"; and in many other quarters, in order to stabilise the groggy market and to reassure the timid purchaser, undertakings are being given that, if it be found possible to reduce prices before midsummer or thereabouts, a refund of the difference will be made to the buyer. It is not exactly a case of cars given away with a pound of tea, but inducements to purchase when folk are hanging back in uncertainty of the immediate future. However, the end of E.P.D., for better, for worse, certainly clears the commercial atmosphere and gives people a chance of calculating ahead with more certainty. There is talk of a united motor propaganda scheme in certain circles; but I am not sure how far it would sell cars. Again, most papers already devote space to motor matters, which all spells regular propaganda in itself. To my mind, however, many firms are making a big mistake in drawing in their advertising horns and showing a penny-wise-pound-foolish timidity in a time of crisis. To be individual rather than collective at such a time is essential. I have always understood that, if you wanted to sell a thing, especially a surplus or something hanging upon your hands, the way was to advertise it. Again, the fewer the buyers, the keener the competition amongst the sellers. How is the elusive customer to know the bargains awaiting his seizure unless they be blazoned before his myopic gaze? Many think, and I hope, that the revival is at hand.

R.A.C.
Samaritans.

I do not often touch upon matters truly technical, as I doubt whether they have a very deep interest for the ordinary owner; and, if they have, he gets them in his automobile journals. However, sometimes a thing strikes one as being interesting out of the common to the average owner, and this struck me in the analysed returns recently got out by the R.A.C. in connection with its "get-you-home" service scheme—one of its brightest thoughts. It having been working, off and on,



A HILL-CLIMBING MOTOR-PRAM: MRS. PERCIVAL MACKENZIE, WITH THE AUTO-PERAMBULATOR INVENTED BY HER HUSBAND.

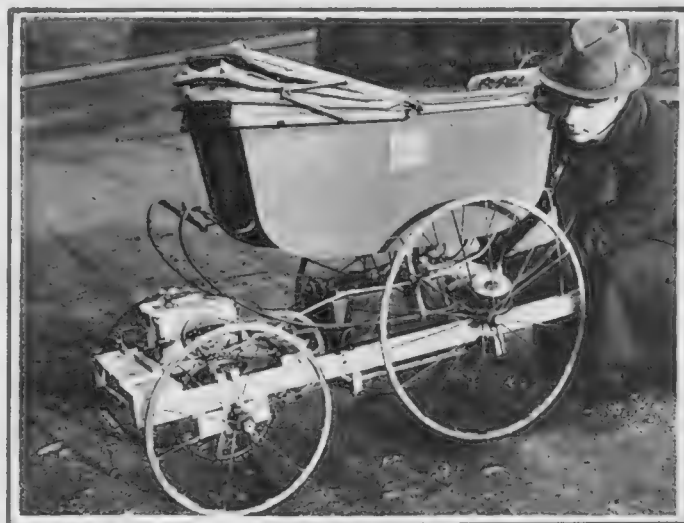
The Rev. Percival Mackenzie, of Forest Hill, is responsible for the invention of an auto-pram, as he has fitted an electric motor, made from a self-starter taken from a car, to his children's perambulator. It is so geared that, while there is, it is stated, no danger of breaking the speed-limit for prams on the level, it will climb a hill with ease, and save Nurse or Mummy having to exert herself unduly!

Photograph by C.P.P.

for some years now, the equally bright thought struck some brainy person that it would be an interesting thing to find out the principal causes and their proportions which during 1920 placed R.A.C. automobiles (which are much the same as other automobiles), *en panne* and

left them ignominiously to be got home. Hence these statistics, which serve a double purpose and cut both ways, both giving the broken-down motorist certain pointers in future hours of dilemma, and offering the manufacturer broad hints as to the weak joints in his armour.

Bits that Bust. The S.O.S. cases dealt with during 1920 by the subsidised Samaritans on behalf and at the expense of the R.A.C. fall under six headings, of which the two principal ones are the power unit and transmission, of which the former claims



AN AUTO-PRAM: THE REV. PERCIVAL MACKENZIE ADJUSTING THE BATTERIES OF HIS INVENTION.

The Rev. Percival Mackenzie is seen in our photograph with the motor-pram he has constructed for his family. He is adjusting the batteries and getting it ready for Baby's morning spin. The white label attached to the side of the vehicle is the motor license.

Photograph by C.P.P.

39.6 per cent. and the latter 37.9, dishonours being, therefore, almost equally divided. Under the first heading, ignition accounts for a third of the troubles on its own, and lubrication is the next worst offender with 7.5. "Not stated" accounts for 4.5 per cent; cylinders and pistons, 3.9; carburation, 3.4; valve mechanism, 2.1; water circulation, 1.9; crank-shafts, 1.8; valves themselves, only .6; and starting mechanism, .5. Well, I must say that I had not realised that valves were such well-behaved little chaps, only causing real trouble at the rate of some one case in two hundred breakdowns! Now, to take transmission, the big offenders here are back-axle shafts with 13.9, or over one-third; and for this not only makers are to blame, but owners too, for commonplace neglect. Couplings, universal joints, and propeller-shafts come second with 7.5; while the clutch and the gear-box run almost a dead-heat with 5.1 and 5.2 respectively. In many cases there are no two more savagely used and butchered parts of unsympathetic-handled autos; and I think that on the whole they come out of it very well. The differential weighs in with 4 net, and bevels and worms 2.2 between them.

Infrequent
Accidents.

The third separate heading is front axles and steering, accounting for 5.1 per cent. of the rescues by the roadside. The fourth embraces road wheels, suspension, and brakes, giving 7.5; and the fifth, electric-lighting failures, comes out of the ordeal brilliantly with only .8. Sixthly and lastly, as the Scottish "Wee Free" meenisters say reluctantly, appear accidents, footing the bill and completing the centum with a paltry 8.8. Now your wild and woolly motorphobe would fain have you believe that that decimal point has crept in through partiality, and that it should read 88 per cent.; but the fact remains that motorists, on the whole, especially considering the neo-automobile plutocrats airing themselves last year, are not the brutal and callous hogs so often depicted. At any rate, they have obviously formed a conspiracy to damage each other as little as reasonably possible. When *en panne*, don't forget this aid to diagnostics, this Child's Guide to Automobile Vagaries; and let manufacturers take their share of the lesson to heart as well.

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THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

RESIST a woman and she will flee—after you.

I have it on the authority of Ben Trovato that, owing to an unfortunate misprint in a catalogue of second-hand books, quite a number of applications have been received from keen young cricketers for the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

A friend of mine walked into a restaurant the other day, carrying under his arm, by command of the "boss" of the home, a merry little prize Pekinese dog of considerable value. The dog naturally attracted a great deal of attention from the other diners. But, as owner and dog passed one table, they were stopped in their progress by a bare, fat arm, bejewelled from elbow to finger-tips, that was thrust impedingly forward. At the end of the arm was an enormous new-rich woman, who obviously had come into lots of money recently, and was making the most of it, as such people do. She fondled the dog a second or two, merely cooing strange inaudibilities to the inattentive Peke. Then, as the owner was about to move on, Milady Newrich said, in loud, raucous, East-End accent: "Yus, naice little, pets them is. One o' my servants's got one just laike that."

The man who is too poor to be unconventional can at least afford to despise his fellow-Philistines.

If you are still fond of that type of joke which, as schoolboys, we knew as "cops," you may try this



HER SECOND DAY ON SKATES!
MRS. SYDNEY WELLS AT VILLARS-SUR-OLLON.

Our snap-shot shows Mrs. Wells doing a "Pavlova Glide"—a fine achievement for her second day on skates! She is well known both in American and English Society for her beauty and her excellent war-work record.

It was a saloon in a Western mining town, where foregathered the flotsam and jetsam of humanity to be found ever in the neighbourhood of "gold to be got for the digging." Occasionally there would lurch into the sordid room a man who had made his pile, had

struck his claim, and was about to return to civilisation to spend that for which he had strained so hard. On other occasions a visitor—stranger—would enter full of the brag of things undone. Such an one entered the saloon one evening, and, having offered to buy drinks for all, declaimed that he was prepared to play anyone billiards for

one hundred dollars a side. No one would take on the chance. No one could play, and no one, apparently, could produce a hundred dollars. This encouraged the boaster. In increasing noisiness of voice he declared: "Wal, look 'ee 'ere, you guys; I can ride, shoot, run or swim, and beat any man in this forsaken State for a thousand dollars a side. Anyone 'ere willin' to take me on?" There were no takers. Then, dexterously handling a pocket-book supposed to be full of money, he said: "An' I'll tell ye wot. I'll cast a fly with any man in this 'ere gol-darned county. An' I'll lay ten to one on me as the greatest fly-caster round these parts. Thousand to a hundred. Now then!" Still there was no response but the silent admiration of those around. A toothless old man of the hayseed type, sitting alone, and very annoyed at the braggart, suddenly, to the amazement of all, placed a hundred-dollar bill on the table and asked the fly-caster to cover it. The boaster evasively explained that he did not want to take an old man's money—he was really challenging the youngsters. So persistent was the old man, however, that the stranger finally betook himself away, muttering apologies, and swearing he

would never rob an old man. When the self-appraised expert fisherman had gone out of hearing, the old hayseed put his money back, and, turning to the others, asked: "Wharrinell did that guy mean by castin a fly, anyway?"

Love is to marriage what a bubble is to a child.

We are here; we hope to love; we may be rich; we do owe; but we have to die! So there!

There was a young lady
called Nesta
Who went for a run on
the Cresta.
Half-way through the
race
She—well, swerved into
space;
Since which time she pre-
fers a siesta

The man who runs
straight is often run down,
while the woman who
runs up bills is usually
highly strung.

The woman who makes
up her face will make up
to any man.

A Cockney, a Scotchman, and an Irishman were boasting of the attributes of their various countrymen, and, each one having gained some particular win in regard to some particular feature, the Irishman suddenly went off at a tangent by saying: "Anyhow, yez have to come to Ould Oireland for the lightest men in the world." When asked to explain, he replied: "Why, in Oireland, we have men of Cork." Upon which the Scot declared that that was easily beaten, since in his fair land they have men of Ayr. But the Cockney was not to be beaten, and, to the confusion of the "allied foreigners," he announced "Lor blimey! if yer cares to come dahn alongerme to our dear owld river Thames, Ah can show yer lightermen by the 'undred."



A MORNING STROLL IN THE SUN:
LADY DE BATHE AND A FRIEND.

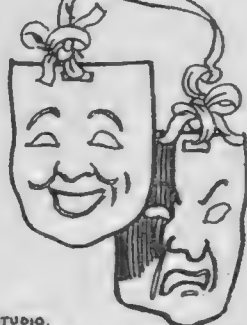
Lady de Bathe, formerly Mrs. Langtry, the well-known actress, has been on the Riviera recently, like a great many other notabilities. There our photographer took this charming snapshot of her.

Photograph by Navello.

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CARMEN
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Something New. Who can complain that London is "dull" when the new fashions are coming along? "Empty" it may be, in a social sense, but that's all the better for those who are left behind. Does it not supply them with a priceless and by-no-means-to-be-neglected opportunity of "nipping in" with something fresh in the way of clothes before a rival—an achievement that I don't suppose any woman, these days of frankness and free speech, will deny yields plenty of self-satisfaction to the lucky one first in the field.

More to Come. Don't run away with the idea that the Mode has given up all her secrets. She is far too experienced a business woman to do anything of the kind, and women themselves would be the last to ask of her such a favour. Think how dull life would be if the appearance of new models were confined to the few weeks preceding any single season. Does not half the joy of buying clothes lie in the delightful uncertainty that attends the whole business? Who's to say that the skirt of to-day will be the *jupe* of to-morrow, or that the suit of yesterday will carry one along for the next few weeks? Of course, this uncertainty has its drawbacks, especially to the woman whose income is a limited one. But at least it adds to the amusement of life.

Those That are Here. One thing at least the advance guard

Even a quite closely draped gown is not altogether free from frivolity, as witness the tulle sash at one side.

of the army of spring models does establish. Women are going to be allowed a pretty free hand in deciding how just exactly they *shall* look. Ella Fulton's sketches illustrate the fact better than mere words. If Nature has cast you in the drain-pipe mould, don't be down-hearted. For you there are suits of exceeding slimness, that hang so straight that no one would suspect them of harbouring those grouped pleats that "give" when the wearer walks, but fall into repose immediately she comes to a standstill. For you, too, there are short little silk jumpers that reach scarcely lower than where a high waist-line would be—quite plain, generally of fine fancy silk stockinet and woven in one, with a collar that climbs and climbs until chin and ears intervene to stop its ascent. As to hats, you can take your choice between close-fitting toques of folded straw with soft ospreys waving around them, or indulge in something with wider ambitions in regard to a brim. Trimmings are varied enough to satisfy the most catholic taste. There are bows that stick out and others that stand upright defiantly, wide bows and narrow bows, big bows and small ones. Every possible kind of feather waves triumphantly or droops pathetically, and the fact that the cleverest naturalist might be puzzled to explain their origin does not detract from their charm.



Who is to define the use of a veil after seeing this one?

Comfort for the Stout.

But tight-looking gowns are not the best possible covering for figures that have an inclination, if not to bulge, at least to deviate from the quite straight. It is here that the Mode is most considerate. Draped gowns are numbered amongst the new models, and another real concession to those of comfortable habit is the use of the panel and the overdress. The latter, especially, does go a long way towards camouflaging rotundity. A loosely draped lace corsage discreetly puffed over a folded waist-band rising above a deftly draped skirt will suggest



This veil, too, has its own particular notions of duty.



High, higher, highest goes the collar, till its progress is stopped by ears and chin.

the absence of many pounds of superfluous flesh, and is really more to be depended on as an ally than weight-reducing tablets, or even secret skipping!

Still Embroidered. Someone suggested not long ago that the use of embroidery was not likely to outlast the winter season. Alas and alas! dress prophecy is the most dangerous thing in which to indulge. Not one, but many of the spring frocks are embroidered, though that fact does not prevent the woman who prefers a plain frock from gratifying her taste. But the embroidery is different from the bold designs with gold and silver threads introduced that characterised some of the cloth and velvet gowns of the winter season. It is altogether lighter in appearance, and chiefly of silk the same colour as the background. The designs are small rather than bold, and feathery rather than massive. There is a tendency to cover the whole gown with decorative stitchery, though one does find models on which it goes no lower than the hips.

Sleeves Again. Sleeves, having made their appearance once more, are an interesting study. Evening gowns are as little provided in this particular as ever, but in a general way a day gown shows either elbow, three-quarter, or full-length sleeves. These latter are wide at the wrists, though fairly close-fitting along the arm. Quite frankly, the bell-shaped opening is not particularly attractive. It *does* look a trifle slipshod when it appears in company with a very *chic* frock, so it's quite likely that some new brand will presently make its appearance. Coloured muslins, as well as georgette, crêpe-de-Chine, and satin are to be seen. The muslins are almost without exception embroidered all over, lightly, generally in white silk or thin washing flax, against a bright background. These models, it is hardly necessary to add, perhaps, are intended for the South of France, or the African places in the sun in which Society escapes the winter in England.



Showing that skirts have still a tendency to go outward.

THE Beauty Culture of the dressing table is an art. With the right preparations a woman can increase her charm ten-fold. But, as practised by Pomeroy experts, Beauty Culture is a science. These highly trained operators can remove every blemish from your face

NO WOMAN

need suffer the slightest facial disfigurement to-day. Electrolysis and Massage have been so perfected, that with them a Pomeroy specialist can rejuvenate the skin, remodel the contours and remove all superficial defects. One treatment leaves you feeling wonderfully fresh and confident. A short series of treatments assures you your full measure of beauty—and this you probably cannot attain without help. There is no fee for the preliminary consultation. Call or write to

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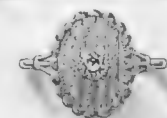
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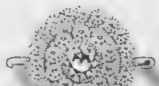
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£65 0 0



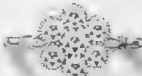
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PURE SILK MILANESE NIGHTDRESS (as sketch), trimmed fancy hemstitching, Empire shape, finished ribbon at waist. In pink, white, mauve, sky, lemon and black.

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PURE SILK MILANESE VEST to match **15/9**
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In a large range of
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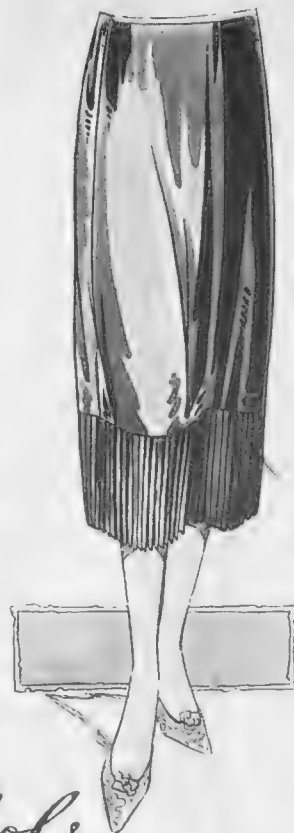
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Outsizes 29/6

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of Knightsbridge S.W.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



PURE SILK MILANESE UNDERWEAR AT PRE-WAR PRICES

DURING the last few years, Milanese Silk Underwear has been extremely fashionable, but of late it has been so expensive that many Ladies have been compelled to give up wearing it. For the coming season we have designed a number of attractive garments in Milanese, and shall sell them at prices which are very little in advance of those prevailing in pre-war days.

Pure Silk Milanese VEST and KNICKERS, thoroughly well-made from excellent quality materials that can be strongly recommended for really good wear. Vest with hemstitched band, perfect fitting, full length, medium size. In white, pink, sky, yellow, mauve, and black.

VEST, Special Price **15/9**

Super quality **25/6**

KNICKERS to match **18/9**

new wide shape.

Super quality **29/6**

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"Quality & Service"

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BLOUSES that Charm

There is always some distinguishing feature in a Derry & Toms Blouse, and in every case the Value is supreme! Here is a typical example chosen at random from our huge and beautiful stock.

'Amelia'

A Charming and stylish Blouse made of good quality Crêpe-de-Chine, with high neck and neat Black stock. It has inset sleeves and turn back cuffs. The smartly pleated front is finished with a lace frill giving a very effective touch. Colours: Sky, Lemon, Black, or Ivory. Splendid Value ... Price

29/6

A Smart Sporting Coat THE TWEED BURBERRY

1890 Model

The distinguished appearance, generous proportions and artistic lines of this typical sporting overcoat, instantly appeal to all lovers of outdoor life.

Designed with a view to complete ease and comfort, with sleeves which, from the cuffs to the arm-holes, rapidly increase in width, ensuring that movement in any direction meets with so little restraint from the coat that it is unnoticeable.

The Tweed Burberry is available in an immense variety of exclusive Burberry Weave-Proof Tweeds in colourings that include novel combination of black and white, rich hues copied from game-birds and artistic blends of tints reminiscent of Nature in her most attractive garb.

The Tweed Burberry, in addition to its all-round usefulness as a top-coat, combines the further advantage of being reliably weatherproof. The cloths proofed by Burberrys' special processes, provide an effective safeguard against wet, and at the same time are unrivalled for lightness, warmth and comfort.

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Satin Beauté BOUDOIR WRAPPER

It would be difficult to imagine a more graceful or becoming Wrapper than the garment illustrated. It is made in very rich, soft, lustrous satin beauté, probably one of the most beautiful materials ever produced for garments of this description. The value is quite exceptional.

CHARMING BOUDOIR WRAPPER (as sketch) in rich quality satin beauté, faced with georgette in contrasting shade, cut to form deep shoulder cape and full cross-over front caught with flowers. In rose and yellow, pink and white, grey and mauve; mauve and white, pink and sky, and in all black and all white.

PRICE
8½ Gns.

French Chamois
Leather Glove (as
sketch), superior
quality, made from
specially selected soft
pliable skins, in
white and yellow. A
most reliable glove.

Price 11/9 per pair.



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An Exquisite Example from Paris

In sizes 21-25.

27/6

A BEAUTIFUL button-fronted Corset of Suède-finished Tricot, trimmed with dainty ruched edging. Made in White, Rose or Sky. Has two supports at each side and is fitted with two pairs of suspenders. An entirely new design made in Paris.

Model No. 233 for Maternity wear will be found to meet all needs. Made of Tricot and elastic and with scientifically placed side supports. **45/-**

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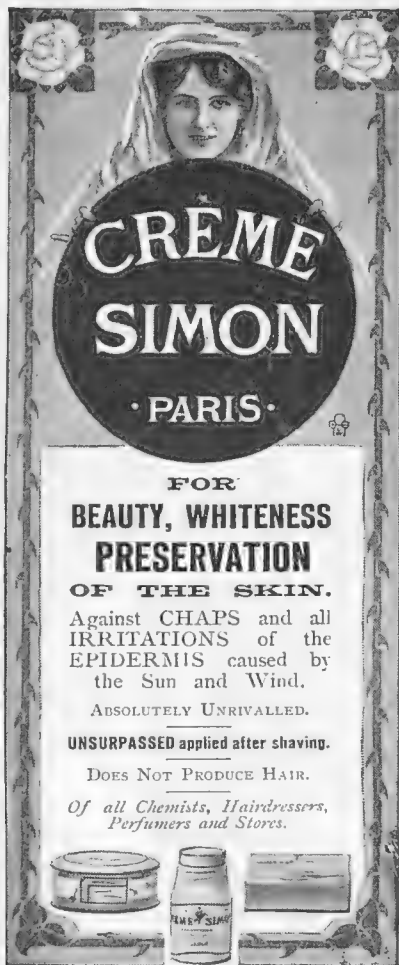


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"Art steps in where Nature fails."

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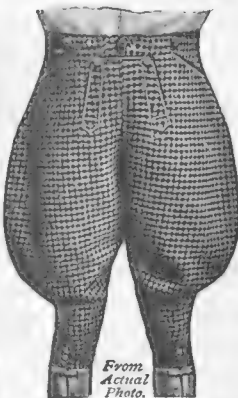
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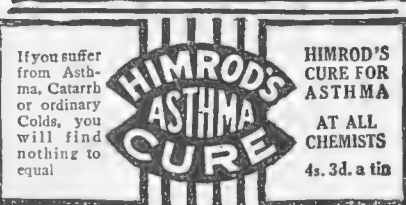
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TAFFETAS
TEAFROCKS**

WE have specially designed and
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a large number of inexpensive
Teafrocks in Taffetas, Crêpe-
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sketch is a typical example. The
materials used are of our well-
known high standard of quality,
and despite greatly increased labour
costs these garments are now being
sold at approximately pre-war
prices.

"PEGGY."
Young lady's TEAFROCK in
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bolero-effect bodice with
simple skirt slightly gauged
at foot and finished with cord-
ings and self flowers. In all
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By Appointment.

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are offering a number of
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exclusive in design, well
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made from materials
which are well up to
that high standard of
excellence with which
the name of our house
has for so many years
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NEW TAILOR SUIT, in fine
quality corded suiting; becoming
coat daintily finished with silk
embroidery to tone; plain well-
cut skirt. In navy, black, and
a few artistic colours.

SPECIAL PRICE
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A SIMPLE pleasant method of keeping the hands soft, beautiful, and free from blemish during the biting winter weather is to give them a touch of POND'S—the Original—Vanishing Cream night and morning, and during the day. POND'S is delightful to use—it vanishes instantly without massage, and is exquisitely perfumed with Jacqueminot roses. Mme. Pavlova, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Billie Burke, and many other famous women defy the winter by using POND'S.

"IT SOOTHES AND SMOOTHS THE SKIN."

In handsome Opal Jars with Aluminium Screw Lids, 1/3 and 2/6, and Collapsible Tubes, 9d. and 1/3, of all Chemists and Stores.—If you cannot obtain the new tube from your Chemist to-day, send us 9d. and we will despatch it per return, post free.

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to give tone to your nervous system by treatment in the privacy of home. The apparatus is very simple, and is made ready for use merely by pressing it on the tap. The water does not touch the skin.

In all cases of neurasthenic and similar pains it is most soothing and beneficial.

Every woman should avail herself of this means of removing "crow's-feet," "salt-cellars," and similar unsightly blemishes that so quickly appear if the skin be neglected.

It ensures to every woman a well-rounded bust, shapely limbs, and the clear complexion of health. The coarsest skin under its influence becomes as soft as velvet.

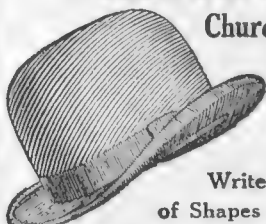
By stimulating the action of the blood it is invaluable for promoting the growth of the hair. Men will find it comforting if used for a few moments before and after shaving.

Complete apparatus, including disc attachment, rubber tubing, facial, scalp, and body massage cups, and supply of SEREINE Skin Food. **35/-** Post free in U.K.

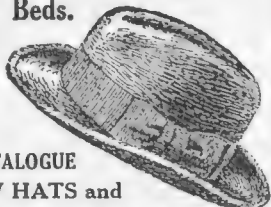
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250 Hand Made Pure Silk Crêpe-de-Chine NIGHTDRESSES for 29/6 Each

We have just purchased a small quantity of pure silk Crêpe-de-Chine, which we have made up into 250 Nightdresses in the design illustrated. These garments are entirely hand made by our own workers, and are really wonderful value. In white, pink and champagne only.

SPECIAL PRICE

29/6

Also in good quality strong snappe Crêpe-de-Chine in ivory, pink, heliotrope and lemon at the same price.

Or in extra rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine, in pink, sky, white, mauve and lemon ... **39/6**

FRENCH DUPLEX GLOVES

(as sketch) made from the finest fabric with the appearance and finish of a good quality chamois leather. Will wash well. In white only. Price 6/11 per pair.



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Stamped on the sole



Style N 162. Patent Coltskin.

42/-

Patent Leather for Smart Wear.

PATENT leather shoes are the smartest wear, but no manufacturer will guarantee this material. Cheap patents are quite useless, but a good quality material which has been carefully selected can generally be relied upon to give satisfaction. 'Norvic' patent shoes are the very best obtainable, and worth three times the price of ordinary patent shoes.

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THE SHOE DE LUXE

Name of nearest agent post free on request.
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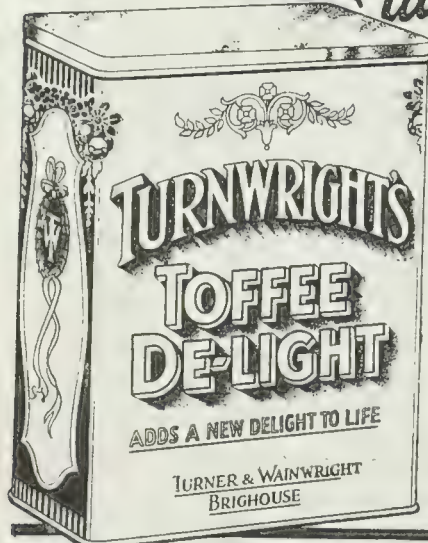
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Founder Distillery of the *Amsterdam*
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The world's
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A Toffee which
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 Guarantee.
 Pure Creamy
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There is NO
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**TURNWRIGHT'S
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Makers: TURNER & WAINWRIGHT, LTD. BRIGHOUSE, YORKS.

The enormous difference in
 value between a fabric which
 fades and one which is fadeless
 is obvious.

The colour element in
**SUNDOUR
 UNFADABLE
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 is indestructible, thus
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Sundour is made in a
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SUNDOUR WASHABLE RUGS
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Of all the best Furnishings

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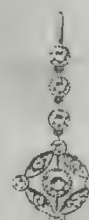
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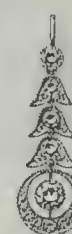
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All the Difference.



THE MELANCHOLY ONE: It's no laughing matter—dash it all!—to be rejected by a girl worth nearly half a million.
 THE MERRY ONE: Oh, I don't know, old thing—you see, she's just accepted me!

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Jockeys in Her Train.

Two dear little jockeys in white-silk breeches, top-boots, pale-blue jackets and caps, wearing fox-mask pins in diamonds in their ties, and carrying cutting whips, were the train-bearers to Miss Alba Hunloke when she married that well-known amateur rider between the flags, Colonel George Paynter. Think of jockeys in the steady old, historically matrimonial church of St. George's, Hanover Square. Very sporty-looking little lads they were. The bride's father, Major Hunloke, is Master of the King's beautiful racing cutter *Britannia*. He was much in evidence at Cowes in Regatta Week. I saw him escorting Princess Mary through the Bank Holiday crowd, and heard the holiday-makers assure each other that he was the Duke of York (who was there too), and that the Marquise d'Hautpoul was the Queen, which amused the Duke and the Princess greatly, although the crowd soon spotted our young Princess and made no mistake about her.

Who's for Canada?

"Canada, oh, Canada"—and who is going to Govern-General Canada when the Duke of Devonshire comes back? Canadians will be lucky if they get Lord Desborough, a fine sportsman and a really genial, nice man, possessed of a wife who is rich and charming, understands entertaining, and is a past-mistress in the art of dress as suiting her own individuality. Lord Burnham and his delightfully tactful, fascinating, and pretty wife made so many friends when they were there last year that they would have been welcomed in the Dominion at the Government Houses. What, however, would dull and murky Fleet Street do on dark days without her "Old Sun"? Lady Burnham would be more than missed by all the poor folk she is a real friend to, and by all the other folk who know her worth. Anyway, Lord Burnham cannot go, and Canada's loss is our gain. The trouble about the Dominions is that we have



[Photo, Talbot.
Black chiffon velvet embroidered with leaves in oxidised silver, which give an extremely smart effect against the perfectly plain bodice.

to lose our nicest people for spells of five years to Govern them.

Some Colour.

An inventor of the vermilion enamel which makes our pillar-posts such bright bits of colour in our grey streets has a house in a crowded part of the City. This, he thought, would be very cheery and nice for passers-by if he painted it with his vermilion enamel. Opposite is a silk and velvet wholesale house where matching for millinery is a specialty. The brilliant hue upset the eyes for matching, and the proprietors of the business took advice as to obtaining an injunction against the vermilion house. It was, however, hopeless; there may be some slight restraint about "painting the town red," but with a private or business house it "can be neat, or it may be gaudy," as the Devil is said to have muttered when he decorated his tail with a beautiful pea-green. There is a business house in Oxford Street which always gives me an idea of what delirium tremens must be like. At least, one cannot help seeing it!

Afraid to Feel Sleepy.

Once upon a time we all welcomed an attack of sleepiness, especially if it occurred near bedtime. Now we are in dread of even a yawn or two. Sleeping sickness, we are told, is symptomised by seeing double—I have heard of that as a symptom of other things; so sleepiness and yawning are not in themselves to be dreaded. A man told me that he believed the Harwich

[Continued overleaf.

The best Spirit to keep up your Spirits.

KINLOCH'S Liquid Sunshine RUM

IF you would purchase the best Rum procurable ask for 'Liquid Sunshine' Rum. It is the finest old Rum. There is no better fortifier against 'Flu' and colds, than Rum and Milk. It stimulates. It is used in the Army and Navy because it is the most warming spirit.

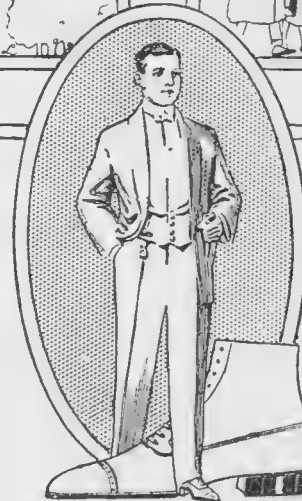
The world's best spirit will keep you in good spirits during these trying days. Get a bottle to-day. It costs no more to get the best.

Ask your wife to make you a Rum Omelette to-morrow night. It is delicious. Tell her to try Rum for flavouring sauces.

Get a Bottle—To-day.

You can obtain it at your Wine Merchant's, Stores, Off-licences and On-licences, Clubs or Restaurants.

CHARLES KINLOCH & CO. LTD., LONDON.



TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

Style & Quality

These two essentials to perfect footwear are responsible for the Walk-Over vogue. Thousands of pairs a day is our output and mass production is lowering the price. But the quality and style remain as before—the finest materials fashioned with skill on lasts of every size and width.

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cocoa has enjoyed 100 years' unsurpassed reputation. It always gives satisfaction.

Best & Goes Farthest.



Write for Illustrated Catalogue post free.

CELOSIA.

Carters Rainbow (Annual).—A magnificent strain. Plants of perfect habit, carrying enormous plumes, from pale rose to deepest crimson and deep primrose to old gold.

Sow in spring in heat, prick off into pans, and pot off. They like a good rich soil in a sunny spot. Ht. 2ft.

GAILLARDIA.

Carters Large-flowering Choice Single Hybrids.—Perennial variety, but will flower the first season if sown early.

Carters Choice Double Annual.—Mixed, large globular heads.

PENTSTEMON.

Carters Annual Flowering Mixed.—Saved from a prize collection, which includes all the best colours. Some of the blooms may be expected to measure quite 2in. across.

A fine border flower. Average ht. 2 to 3 ft. Sow in a pan of light soil in early

spring and transplant. Will bloom the first year from seed.

STOCKS.

We know of few Stocks which produce such a high percentage of double flowers as the following. Although usually treated as winter varieties, they are admirably suited for summer bedding if treated as ten-week varieties. Sow in February and March for summer displays.

Beauty of Nice.—Very fine flowering. Flowers very large, fine double, fragrant, and delicate fleshy-pink colour. Ht. 2 to 2½ ft.

Crimson King.—Brilliant fiery crimson.

Queen Alexandra.—Delicate rosy lilac.

SWEET PEAS — CARTERS LARGE-FLOWERED FOR EARLY SOWINGS.

Carters White. **Carters Scarlet.**

Carters Primrose. **Carters Lavender.**

Carters Deep Pink. **Carters Dark Blue.**

Carters Pink. **Carters Bronze.**

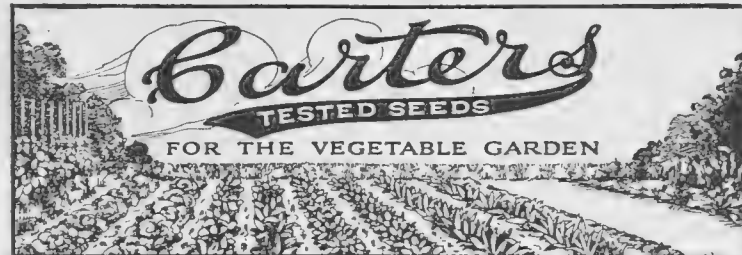
Carters Superb Mixture.—All colours.

The above are packed in 8d., 1/- and 1/6 packets.

Seedsmen to H.M. THE KING.

JAMES CARTER & Co. RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W. 20

BRANCHES: 237 and 238, High Holborn, W.C. 1; 53a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 4.



The PYTCHLEY HUNT SAUCE

The sauce which makes a good dinner perfect.



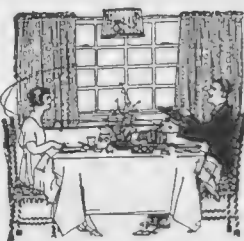
"What's different with the dinner to-night, dear? There's an appetising touch which is good."
"I was wondering whether you'd notice anything. It is all due to

PYTCHLEY HUNT SAUCE

which my Grocer is recommending. There's nothing like it for a made-up dish."

Of all Grocers and Stores.

Makers: REYNARD & CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL



SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklace, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.



The "Sphere" says:—

"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."

The "Bystander" says:—

"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case,

From £2 : 2 : 0

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Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),

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'BIG TREE' COCKTAILS

MARTINI OR MANHATTAN

The Finest Appetiser.



Wholesale only from the Sole Proprietors—**GRIERSON, OLDHAM & CO., LTD.**
9 Regent Street, London, S.W. 1

Continued.]

cats had caught the disease from killing rats off ships; anyway, there has been great mortality among Essex cats. He believes in what has seen him safely through many epidemics—Evans' Pastilles, which he takes when in a crowd, or facing cold or damp, or when he has the "hump." They are obtainable from all chemists, or from the makers, Evans, Sons, Lescher, and Webb, 56, Hanover Street, Liverpool, or 60, Bartholomew Close, E.C. It is always necessary to see the raised bar on each pastille to be sure you have the right ones.

Comfort and Comeliness Combined.

Bridesmaids, as they are dressed for the most part in winter months, have to find that cold comfort in their clothes which is supplied by pride which acknowledges no pain. Some of the dresses recently have been of velvet, and the wearers have looked becomingly comfy. A single attendant on a bride the other day wore an accordion-pleated skirt and quite plain bodice of pale-grey satin, grey silk stockings, and tomato-red shoes. Her hat had a crown of grey satin and a brim of horse-hair lace straw, also grey, with an ornament of tomato-red horse-hair at one side. There is no need for alarm about the horse-hair; it was so ornamental that no horse would believe it had grown it. There was a long circular cloak of grey velvet lined with tomato-red velvet, and a big bouquet of red tulips. Comfort and comeliness combined, I thought, was that costume.

A Pound to a Stone. Sir James Cantlie says we should dress by weight: a pound of clothes



She looks like a Winterhalter beauty in her billiard-green taffetas Second Empire dress, with its pale yellow sash.

for a stone of flesh. A friend of mine who weighs eighteen stone thinks she might have another fur coat! Sir James believes in corsets; and as they are now worn any woman knows her corset for her most comfortable garment. He urges exercise to be taken in ordinary clothes. Women have almost forgotten the existence of their legs unless they are on golf links or tennis-lawns, so walking exercise is becoming extinct, and a new one must be found. This is all right; but what about not being dictated to by an impudent little monkey in Paris as to our dress? *Lèse-majesté* this, to the kings and queens of our modes.

A Young Married Beauty.

Now and again one sees a bride who is so picturesque that it is far better than a visit to a fine picture to see her. Such an one was the Hon. Doris Meysey-Thompson during her transformation into the Hon. Mrs. Francis Egerton: more than common tall, slim and straight as a reed, with hair that shone like burnished gold under the white lace and bridal flowers; a fine poise of head, and wearing a silver-and-white brocade dress that was, I am sure, a labour of love with the artist who designed it. It must be a far better thing to build a gown for so special a wearer than for an ordinary-looking girl. Of course, the brides are all more or less pretty; and on their wedding day all decent women journalists give them brevet rank as beauties—sometimes belied by the camera men, whose intentions are no less good. Anyway, Mrs. Egerton made an impression, and enters on the career of a young married beauty.

"ECIRUAM" GOWNS

Are worn by well-dressed people for all occasions.

The Queen says:—"ECIRUAM" MATERNITY GOWNS are perfection."

The Sketch says:—"The cleverness of the 'Ecirum' lies in its simplicity."

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"It is doubtful if anything has proved of more practical value to women."

The Observer says:—"A very ingenious mind is responsible for the 'Ecirum' Gown."

The Sunday Times says:—"Perfectly graceful, smart, and up-to-date."

Orders by post receive special attention.



442

Catalogue of Gowns, Coats, Costumes, etc., from 5 to 25 Guineas, and self-measure forms post free.

Special discount of 15% during February.

ECIRUAM LTD.,
43, South Molton St., London, W.1.

Nourishing & Digestible Cocoa

At the present time, when forethought and economy in the household are especially needed, the advantages of a nourishing and sustaining beverage, such as Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk, will be more than ever apparent. Its chief merits are as follows:—

It is made from specially selected Cocoa and pure sterilised country milk. It has an exceptionally high food value, and its delicious flavour is much appreciated by connoisseurs of cocoa.

It is very easily digested, and can be enjoyed even by those who are quite unable to take tea, coffee or cocoa in the ordinary form.

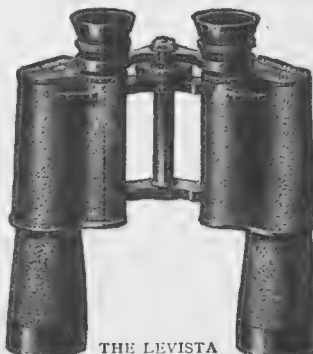
It is an excellent thing for those who suffer from weak digestion, any form of dyspepsia, or insomnia.

It needs neither milk nor sugar, and can be made in a moment, hot water only being required.

Tins, 2/2 and 3/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

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Sight tested and Sir William Crookes' special lenses supplied at all our branches.

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Including best solid leather sling case and lanyard.

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Trade Mark.



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KEEPING YOUR HANDS
SOFT, SMOOTH & WHITE
in spite of all the rough work
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Rub a little well in each time
you wash them; and they will
soon be all you could wish.

LA-ROLA will keep away all
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in Bottles, 1/6 and 2/6

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by just a touch of "LA
ROLA ROSE BLOOM,"
which gives a perfectly
natural tint to the cheeks.
No one can tell it is arti-
ficial. It gives THE
BEAUTY SPOT!
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MAKERS ALSO OF
THE FAMOUS
'DEVONSHIRE'
LADIES' SHOES.



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in Spring
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The Dining Room

THERE is more sound economy in painting now than meets the eye. You get lower labour and material costs now than you are likely to get later on; you get results equal to the best summer work because of freedom from dust, flies, and scorching sun. The Painter gets work when he needs it most. The community's burden of unemployment is lifted a little. Why not do now what you must do, if it looks as good, wears as long, and costs less?

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St. James's 109



"Mr. Berger" made
fine colours in
London in 1760.



Mr. P. W. LANGGAARD, The Man who Shot the Niagara Rapids.

After successfully shooting the Niagara Rapids in a 15-foot boat, Mr. Langgaard entered the Niagara Whirlpool, and for 3 hrs. 40 mins. was hurled at a dizzy speed round "The Whirlpool of Death."

Mr. P. W. Langgaard writes:—"I do not for a moment believe that I would have brought the nerve-racking trip to a successful conclusion had I not taken doses of Phosferine before and during the journey. When I entered the seething cauldron of the Whirlpool, the thousands of onlookers on shore gave me up for dead. I honestly think that the Phosferine played an all-important part in keeping my head clear and nerves under control." 4, Albemarle Street, St. John Street, London, E.C.

This intrepid Niagara Pilot declares the successful achievement of his perilous venture was mainly due to the perfect nerve-control which Phosferine ensured. Phosferine enabled his nerve organisms to fully fortify his system with the extra vital force by which he accomplished his prodigious enterprise.

When you require the Best Tonic Medicine, see that you get

PHOSFERINE

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Sleeplessness	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Exhaustion	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Nerve Shock
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Phosferine has a world-wide repute for curing disorders of the nervous system more completely and speedily, and at less cost, than any other preparation

SPECIAL BUSINESS NOTE Phosferine is made in Liquid and Tablets, the Tablet form being particularly convenient for Business Men and Women, all Outdoor Workers, Travellers, Sportsmen, etc. It can be used any time, anywhere, in accurate doses, as no water is required. The 3/- tube is small enough to carry in the pocket, and contains 90 doses. Sold by all Chemists, Stores, etc. Prices, 1/3, 3/2 and 5/-
The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

IMPERIAL CONTINENTAL GAS.

IN spite of the prevailing depression, the stock of this Company has appreciated several points since we last referred to it, and many people consider that it is certain to go considerably higher before very long.

We have previously explained that about five and three-quarter millions have been received from the Enemy Debt Clearing House Reparations Commission, and that the Company will repay £2,053,000 of Debenture and Ordinary stock in March next. The difficulty in arriving at a break-up value of the stock lies in the valuation of its Continental plants and its holding in the Paris Gas Company; but various estimates are being put forward, and without exception, so far as we know, the value arrived at is largely in excess of the current market price.

Should the whole balance of the Company's claim from the Reparations Commission be met, it would total £7,000,000, which would represent over 300 per cent. on the reduced capital which will be outstanding at the end of March. This, however, is obviously a speculative possibility to which too much importance must not be attached.

Leaving this aside, however, one estimate which we have seen places the total value of the Company's actual assets, including reserves and investments, at a little over £5,000,000, after allowing for the redemption of Debentures; and this figure, if it is correct, makes the Ordinary stock worth about double the sum at which it is now quoted. We think £170 or £180 may be taken as a very conservative figure.

IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY.

The shares of the Imperial Tobacco Company are another favourite of ours; but the issue of the Report for 1920 and the removal of E.P.D. make the shares very attractive. The net profit of £6,659,800 shows an increase over the previous year of nearly two million, which shows that the new money has found profitable employment, and enables the directors to increase the distribution from 15 per cent. to 17½ per cent., free of income-tax.

The net profit of £6,659,800 is arrived at after "provision for taxation"; and as the Company's pre-war standard of profit was not more than £2,750,000, the amount paid in E.P.D. must have been enormous, even after allowance is made for the new money employed in the business. Should profits continue on anything like the present scale, the dividend could easily be increased. More probable, however, is an eventual bonus

distribution. The directors have a reserve fund at their disposal of £5,679,000, and might well consider it better policy to enlarge still further the capital, rather than increase the dividend, which is apt to lead the consuming public to false conclusions.

TWO BANK RATES?

We see little to recommend the latest suggestion about the Bank Rate. Two different rates—one for external and another for internal business—could only lead to endless confusions and delays, and would necessitate an immense amount of surveillance and control. The present high Bank Rate does not attract gold to this country because conditions are abnormal; and a loss of the metal is effectively prevented by control of exports. What is needed is a lower rate all round, and we have yet to hear a real reason why this is being withheld.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"He left school last term, and I've had him in my own office to learn City geography."

"No father should take his son into his own office to start with," was The City Editor's platitude.

"Why is it that a son never wants to go into the same line as his father?" asked The Merchant. "Over and over again I've noticed the same thing."

"Probably because the boy has a bent in some other direction," suggested The Engineer. "It's no use forcing him to do what he doesn't like."

"That's a schoolmaster's argument. Eight boys out of ten don't know what they do want to become—except, of course, the vague notion in every lad's mind that he would like to be an engineer."

"An idea that doesn't count for very much," remarked The Engineer, "considering the number of different branches there are in our profession."

"Stockbroking is a trade," declared The City Editor, looking round for indignant contradiction.

It did not forthcome.

"The Stock Exchange will provide a man with bread-and-butter if he becomes a broker," The Jobber began—

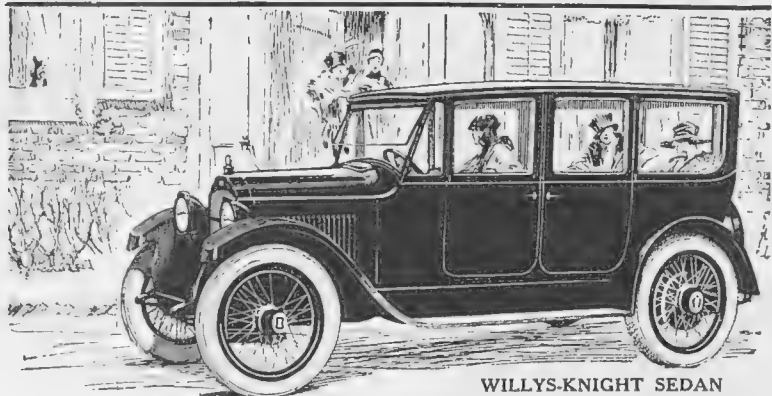
"With incessant grind and anxiety," The Broker continued. "To make big money, he must be a jobber. The broker lives the life of a dog."

"And the jobber," replied the exponent of the art, "may make big money for three months. After which he eats out his heart in stagnation and loss for three years."

"If it's as bad as that, why do men stay in the Stock Exchange all their lives?"

[Continued overleaf.]

WILLYS-KNIGHT



WILLYS-KNIGHT SEDAN

SPEAKING only of externals, the Willys-Knight is a car of infinite grace and beauty. But that is not all. Many fine cars have graceful bodies. The real heart of the motor-car is the Engine, and in that test the silent sleeve-valve Willys-Knight has no competitor. The ordinary engine deteriorates with use, the sleeve-valve engine improves with use. Its adjustment needs are negligible. Its economy one of the marvels of the motor age.

Willys-Knight Booklet on request.

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Overland Cars. Garford Trucks. Willys-Knight Cars.

Willys-Knight Sleeve-valve Engines Improve with Use.

Crossley

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Care Free Motoring

In spite of the new Regulations care free motoring is still possible if the car itself is right.

Built with scrupulous exactness to sound and proved design, Crossley cars are giving care free motoring to owners in every part of the world.

There are two Crossley models for 1921—the famous 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model and the 19.6 h.p. Crossley. Both represent the highest achievement in their class.

Interesting particulars will be sent on mention of this journal.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.
Builders of Quality Cars, Manchester

Good Health

FRESH air, good food, and a good appetite—these are the essentials to good health.

A good appetite—that is where Corelli (Italy's Best Vermouth) comes in, for Corelli Italian Vermouth is not merely a wine to satisfy one's desire for a palatable drink. Neither is it merely the basis of all good Cocktails.

Corelli makes us hungry! It adds relish to the most ordinary meal, and by

doing that, it does more to provide Good Health than ninety-nine people out of every hundred realise.

Take a bottle of Corelli home. Take a wineglassful before meals. That is the way to health, and a gratified palate. Corelli is obtainable from Wine Merchants, Hotels and Stores. Price 4/6 per bottle. Insist on seeing the

CORELLI

ITALIAN VERMOUTH

name on every bottle, and, for obvious reasons, accept no substitute.



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Established over a century.

At the SIGN
of the
BLUE BAND



YOU know you can always depend upon the quality when you see the crossed Blue Bands on each packet of Margarine.

BLUE BAND MARGARINE

per 1/8 lb.



MOTOR TYRES

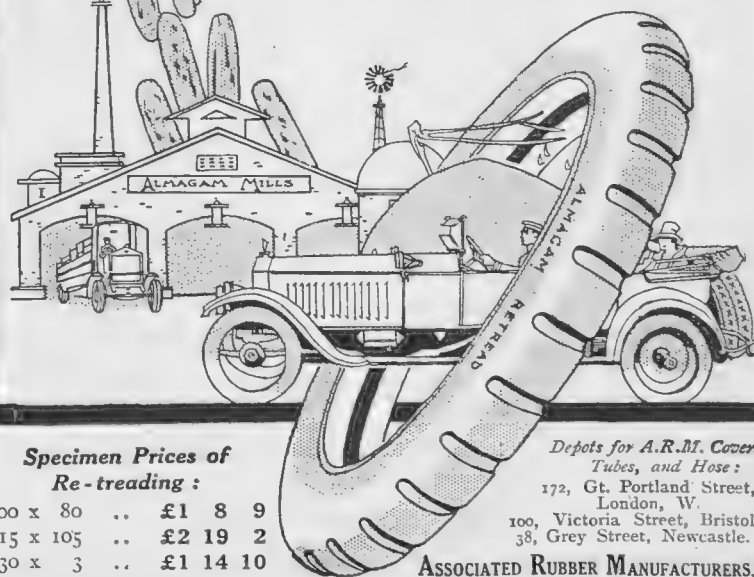
1/3 of Present Market Prices.

Send your worn tyres to

ALMAGAM

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3,000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover

SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS



**Specimen Prices of
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*Depots for A.R.M. Covers,
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100, Victoria Street, Bristol.
38, Grey Street, Newcastle.

ASSOCIATED RUBBER MANUFACTURERS. Ltd.

Northampton, Feb. 2nd, 1921.

A RECENT TESTIMONIAL.

"Having used Tyres on my cars which have been retreaded by you for some time now, I should like to bear testimony to the way they have worn. They have lasted almost as long as a brand new Tyre and some of them look good for another 1000 miles or so yet, and they have been used on Cars which are out in all weathers and on many bad roads."

Continued.]

"Because there are very few Stock Exchange men who are of any use in other things. After they've been in the House for a few years, I mean. Isn't that right, Brokie?"

His House friend nodded assent.

"And until speculation is permitted again, with contangoes, bear accounts, fortnightly settlements——"

"Don't forget the hammer," The Broker kindly reminded.

"Yes, and the hammer too. Until we get back these aids to speculation——"

"Gambling, I call it," said The Merchant severely.

"Call it what you like. We shan't have the Stock Exchange a paying proposition until we revert to these things."

"My idea is to put the boy into a small broker's office," went on his father, "so that he can gather a general idea of the business, and then let him go jobbing when he gets on a bit."

"Markets aren't going to be so bad, after all, this year," The City Editor told them. "Not having a dead-weight to look forward to in the Budget, we can already see things better."

"They had a fair rise in prices, on the E.P. business," objected The Engineer. "Although coal and iron, and armament and engineering shares haven't recovered over-much from the slump."

"Nor are they likely to while the Labour outlook is so unsettled. Is there any truth in this talk of an extensive lock-out in the coal trade next month?"

The Engineer said he attached no particular importance to it, "although, of course," he added, "even a colliery proprietor can't afford to run his business for ever at a loss."

"Why should he? Coal is going to be decontrolled next month, isn't it?"

"When nobody in the coal trade will know how he stands. You'll have an outcry for cheap industrial coal, and this can only come about by household coal going up."

"Keep your Corys all the same," advised The Broker. "Corys and Bengal Iron are two of the best things in that Market."

"I bought a ton of raw rubber the other day," said The Merchant. "For September. A gamble, of course, but I believe it's right."

"That means you are bullish about Rubber shares?"

"Not necessarily, eh? Because rubber will have to double in price before the companies can get any good out of it; while a rise of twopence or threepence in the stuff will give me a profit. Small, but quick, I hope."

"I bar the Rubber Market at present," said The Jobber. "There's a better basis to Oil."

"Rather a slippery basis, with all this incessant liquidation? Cut

in petrol, too; over-production; war between American and British Oil interests. And all the rest of it."

"It's a live market, all the same. Plenty of public support——"

"Too much at times."

"That's why we burn our fingers."

"Never mind," said The Broker contentedly. "With E.P.D. done in, we shall go ahead well, as soon as trade bucks up."

"It's a load off the Stock Exchange chest, that's a fact. Not that I was liable," The Jobber hastened to explain.

"Well, it's right that the future generation, which will get the benefits of the war more than we shall, should pay part of the price."

"The future generation didn't ask to have this war fought."

"Neither did any of us except Germany. So why shouldn't they pay their whack as well as we pay ours? It makes it better for my shares, which in due course I shall hand on to my son, and he to his son——"

"My companies will all have gone into liquidation before then," said The Jobber, with gentle melancholy.

"Not if you choose them wisely and well now. Why, even Rubber concerns——"

"Apart from those that have to reconstruct or go broke for good and all."

"The survivors of them, as the Scottish lawyers say, will do handsomely. Same with shipping. Same with——"

"Come down from that high horse of Optimism," The Broker begged. "We live in the present: not in the future."

"But if we had any real sense, we should use the present opportunities as stepping-stones to higher prices in the future."

"Didn't Tennyson say something like that? Or was it Goethe?"

"Goethe, I should guess," concluded The Jobber. "He had a prophetic inkling of the German Budget for 1921 calmly asking for five hundred million marks to maintain a German Navy that doesn't exist!"

"That is about the limit, isn't it," declared The City Editor. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Then you should just see some of my limits," said The Broker. "Selling limits in Shells. Eagles. Dunlops. Vickers—— Oh, I'm sorry if I've distressed you, gentlemen all!"

Friday, Feb. 11, 1921.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

THRIFT.—(a) and (b) Are sound, well-managed Industrials, and can be held, but the other two should be sold. Hold the Mexican Eagles and Burmahs.

H. V.—(1) See this week's Notes; (2) $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 1927

THE SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS CO.

AT the ordinary general meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, held last Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Charles Carpenter, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., Chairman of the company, presided for the twenty-fourth time.

He said: "In framing our post-war financial policy we decided to cut ourselves adrift from the sliding scale, and a year ago obtained your consent to the promotion of a Bill aiming at the re-establishment of the undertaking."

"With one exception Parliament adopted *in toto* our proposals. Our Act of last season identifies the interests of consumer, capitalist, and employee. For the consumer, it fixes in his interest a fair or 'basic' price. For the capitalist, it fixes a fair rate for the use of his money—Capital secures a living wage, to which it is entitled just as Labour is entitled to its living wage."

"Three-fourths of surplus profit will be allocated to the consumer by way of reduction in price, and the remainder divided equally between the shareholder and the employee. Now it is very important that you should not imagine that this is going to take place forthwith. As a matter of fact, the future is extremely uncertain. We want to do all we can to keep down the price of gas to something like its present figure."

"In promoting our Bill we expected to get 6 per cent. on all our ordinary stock. Parliament, however, divided old stock from new in this respect, and, while allowing 6 per cent. on future issues, fixed 5 per cent. for the present stock. In future, therefore, your 5 per cent. or 6 per cent., as the case may be, will be assured under all circumstances."

"Turning now to the accounts, we find our expenditure is now over £5,000,000 per annum, of which salaries and wages account for over two millions, and coal for another two and one-third millions, of which probably two-thirds is also for labour. Our gas and fittings rental only provides us with three and a third millions to meet this, and we should not have balanced expenditure with income had it not been for the remarkable buoyancy of residuals. The high-water mark of these has passed, and a strong ebb set in. The miners' strike ruined for this season our export trade in coke, on which we largely rely for our ability to meet our heavy coal bill."

"We regard with satisfaction the coming de-control of the mining industry. Our coal supply has never been of worse quality than during the period its production and distribution has been under Government control. The more completely an industry is in Government hands the less efficient does it become. Before 1914 much of our best coking coal went abroad that should have been retained in this country for conversion into by-products. We can carry out this conversion every bit as well as the Germans."

"As to the sales of gas, we have a satisfactory condition of things to report. Our business not only continues to increase, but its basis broadens, and developments for industrial uses grow in a variety of directions."

"Great praise is due to our staff for the admirable manner in which they demonstrated that the new system could be made a complete success. For the first time in the history of gas supply, it will ensure gas being made and distributed of practically constant value. A department of the Board of Trade has been constituted wholly for matters relating to gas supply."

"As regards the manufacture of dye-products, the story is a very chequered one. The Germans learned their shipbuilding largely from us, and we can learn dye-making from them. 'Dora' was powerless to exclude the admission during November last of £1,881,275 worth of German dyes, an increase over the previous month's figure of £1,528,532."

"Is the same thing going to happen with heat-resisting glass? One of the most important firms of glass manufacturers in England has been engaged in building up an industry. The quality of its product is equal to the German article. Naturally, the firm needs sympathetic help in its endeavours to meet foreign competition. Surely it is an obvious duty of Parliament to encourage production in home industries, and not to stand by passively watching their destruction."

"This is, however, what has happened in the case of sulphate of ammonia. We have been bound hand and foot to the Sulphate of Ammonia Federation, and except through that organisation we are unable to export a single ton of our make of a product, over 90 per cent. of which was exported prior to the war. And it is monstrously unfair that we should have been inhibited from selling direct to customers without the enforced intervention of a trust."

"Finally, there is our relationship with our employees. I would ask you to bear in mind those unparalleled charges for labour to which I referred earlier, and by which our entire financial position is dominated. Fortunately, I am able to speak confidently on this subject. I have recently held and addressed something like fifteen meetings of our employees. I discussed with them the interdependence of Capital and Labour, and outlined the details of that relationship as existing, at any rate, in this company for the last twenty, or thirty years. I heard not one discordant voice."

"For thirty years our employees have received a share of the wealth they have helped to produce. And, further, it is now twenty-two years since they were given a voice in the management. Those two great experiments have proved to be unqualified successes. Is it out of place to express the hope that the example we have so long provided of the elimination of the so-called labour troubles from our anxieties is capable of a wider and more general extension throughout the land, strengthening thereby those bulwarks of liberty and freedom which have made our beloved country great among the nations?"

The Chairman then moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

An extraordinary general meeting was then held to approve a Bill now before Parliament to amend the capital powers of the company and for other purposes. The Chairman said the existing capital powers amounted to £1,164,604

The resolution was carried unanimously.



Mme. B. Jacobson

The World's Leading Beauty Specialist.

THE MAGNETISM OF BEAUTY

THE woman who is personally attractive—whose face is so exquisite, so soft and lovely, that, like a magnet, she attracts attention instantly in whatever social circle she moves—can influence the world around her. The joy of conquest, one of the most potent factors in the making of happiness, is hers.

You, too, may possess this wonderful "Magnetism," this distinction, daintiness and charm that every woman longs for, providing you begin at once to give your complexion the intelligent care and the right treatment it requires.

Mme. B. Jacobson, the world's leading beauty specialist, whose modern thought and scientific treatments have gained her fame throughout all lands, will be pleased to receive all those who desire advice, treatment, and the benefit of her wide experience.

Among the treatments practised and perfected by Mme. B. Jacobson during a period of fifteen years, are: the removing of "Red Nose," an embarrassing disfigurement that is all too frequent during these winter months; "Eradication of even the deepest Wrinkles" by her wonderful and exclusive treatment that has made her famous as the only woman in Europe skilled in its practice; Removing "Wart," "Mole," "Red Veins" and "Superfluous Hair" (latest painless method), disfigurements that would make a woman with the most perfect features hopelessly unattractive. Also Mme. Jacobson's special and exclusive "Eye" and "Double Chin" treatments, restoring relaxed and sagging muscles to their natural condition, banishing pallor and sallowness, creating by scientific methods the greatest degree of general beauty.

Mme. B. Jacobson has also devoted years of study to the art of preparing and the application of "Cosmetics"; this, together with her personal connection with the leading Beauty Scientists on the Continent, has enabled her to evolve a series of graded Rouges, so that her clients may choose that preparation which best suits the texture and colour of their skin.

Last, but not least, are Mme. Jacobson's wonderful and exclusive "Pompadour" Beauty Preparations, prepared from the most modern and scientific formula—there is an unfailing "Pompadour" remedy for every undesirable condition of the complexion.

A little booklet entitled "Aids to Health and Beauty," containing a complete descriptive list of all Pompadour Beauty Preparations and Cosmetics, will be sent gratis to all readers of *The Sketch* on request to address below.

HOME TREATMENT—SPECIAL OFFER.

In order that ladies who may find it inconvenient to attend for personal treatment may avail themselves of the benefits of Mme. Jacobson's experience, a special Pompadour Beauty Mask for Home Treatment has been prepared. Full and clear instructions are given which enable any lady successfully to apply the treatment herself. Price 3/6. By Post 3/9.

Special Treatment Lessons given at the Salons. Fee 10/6 each sitting.

Maison de Beauté Pompadour Ltd.

Mme. B. Jacobson, Specialist.

11-12 Dover Street, Mayfair, W. 1.

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